

The Nation

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EDITORIAL

SUFFERING SUCCOTASH

Christmas will come late this year—if it comes at all—for the family of James Wentzel in Annandale, Virginia. Reviled and pursued like Jean Valjean for the petty theft of food to feed his family, fired like Bob Cratchit from his job almost on Christmas Eve, the wretched Wentzel will find a lump of coal in his stocking when more fortunate fellows get their glittering prizes. Who will tell the Wentzels in their impoverished state, “No, Virginia, there is no Santa Claus”?

This Christmas dirge, however, is not completely without redeeming moral consequence. Wentzel was the president of the Legal Services Corporation, a government agency once charged with defending the rights of poor people but lately restricted in scope and purpose by an Administration steadfastly opposed to its very existence. Appointed to the position a year and a half ago, Wentzel was widely assumed to be supervising the slow extinction of his agency, by hook or by crook.

Now his work on behalf of the government of the greedy against the interests of the needy has been cut short. A security guard at a Magruder’s supermarket identified Wentzel as the man he caught in the store’s parking lot concealing a fifteen-ounce can of succotash in his back pocket, several slices of ham in his suit jacket, and two packages of chocolate snack cakes, each in a different pocket of his overcoat. The guard reported that Wentzel pleaded for mercy on the ground that he was president of the L.S.C., saying an arrest “will ruin me.”

The items on this little shopping list were priced at \$5.66. Wentzel, who was earning \$68,700 a year in his government job, resigned “in the face of very overwhelming information,” a legal aid lobbyist said—which only proves that the Christmas spirit works in mysterious ways, by hook or by crook.

WALL STREET
WOES
Calvin Trillin

KINNOCK’S
MESSAGE
Ronnie Dugger

THE FIFTH
AND
‘THE TIMES’
James
Aronson

WATCH
JAMAICA
Michael
Kaufman

CHRISTMAS
BOOK, MOVIE,
RECORD LISTS
‘Nation’ Editors
and Friends

AN ISRAELI VIEW

THE PERILS OF OUR PARTNERSHIP

“We acted with good faith, as a good ally, at the request of the United States.” Thus did Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres justify Israel’s role in the Iran-*contra* arms scandal. Yet more and more evidence suggests that no party to these dealings has clean hands and that Israeli officials played a key role in initiating the U.S.-Iranian contacts, in an effort to help the Reagan Administration improve relations with Iran. Both explanations are consistent with the character of the U.S.-Israeli relationship, especially as that relationship has developed since Ronald Reagan and Menachem Begin began talking about a “strategic partnership.”

As a Zionist and an Israeli who cares deeply about the future of my country, I think this partnership has hurt as much as it has helped us. The Israeli government is not a puppet on an American string, but reliance on the United States for political, economic and military support has badly compromised our foreign policy. Israel is increasingly being pushed to see the world through the eyes of U.S. policy-makers and to adopt the assumptions of the cold war. When Peres met with Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak in September, for example, he said that the Soviet Union would be welcome at an international peace conference on the Middle East—an important concession to King Hussein, whom Peres was trying to woo. A few days after that announcement, our “friends” in Washington made Peres tone down his statement, because one of the main goals of U.S. policy is to deny the Russians a meaningful role in the region. Israel votes with the United States in international organizations more often than any other country—frequently in isolation—when a more

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LETTERS.

EVEN HANDS

New York City

In my article for the October issue of *New Criterion*, "Spain and the Intellectuals," I wrote that for most left intellectuals "Spain remains a cause to be reaffirmed rather than investigated." In his condemnation of my assessment, Brian Morton unwittingly confirms my point ["Pathetic Fallacies," Nov. 29].

Morton seeks to ridicule me by writing, "Radosh seems to believe the people of Spain should be thankful that it was Franco who won." He cleverly does not let *Nation* readers know that I was quoting Jorge Semprun, the leader of the Communist underground in Spain between 1959 and 1964. It was Semprun who wrote that under Franco members of the Spanish working class had more freedom than their counterparts living under any regime called socialist. Nor does Morton let *Nation* readers know that I was also citing the late historian E.H. Carr, a sympathizer of the Soviet Union, who concluded in his posthumously published book that in exchange for limited arms shipments, the Russians had demanded total subordination of a once proud Republic, which "became what its enemies called it, the puppet of Moscow."

Historians Antony Beevor and Stanley Payne both argue that under Soviet domination, Red Spain had more in common with Franco's authoritarian regime than it did with any social or political democracy. Indeed, Payne points out that nothing occurred in Franco's zone during the war "to equal the almost constant interparty murder that went on under the People's Republic," and that this reality was "a major factor in the final collapse of morale" in the Republican ranks. Evidently, it was the Spanish people who finally found little worth fighting for, and who believed that the cruelties of the left had so distorted the original cause that they no longer saw a clear choice.

Even so, Morton would like to believe that the Republic would not have become a Stalinist People's Democracy but, rather, an "independent and egalitarian Spain." Evidence suggests that this is wishful thinking. The meaning of Soviet domination was succinctly explained by Dolores Ibarruri, who, speaking from her sanctuary in the Soviet Union in 1947, said, "Spain was the first example of a 'people's democracy.'" And so it was, as the Eastern European Communists exploited left-wing coalitions and Soviet "aid" to institutionalize the pattern first developed in Spain. The result was Communist police states totally dominated by the Soviet Union. What in these sordid revolutionary histories provides Morton with any basis for supposing that the path of Spain could have been different?

Morton insinuates that I am somehow pro-Nazi, which is why my point that Hitler

was the main threat to the world in the 1930s is supposedly "tossed off in an aside," and why he thinks I do not comprehend that Franco's victory meant Hitler's bloodbath and World War II, while a Loyalist victory would have meant that "Hitler would have been checked." It is Morton who is in need of studying some history after 1936. Morton might consider H.R. Trevor-Roper's point that Hitler's chances of achieving victory in the war might well have been strengthened had the Republic controlled by Stalin won. Friendly to Hitler and hostile to the West, Stalin might have provided the Germans with the transit through Spain that Franco steadfastly refused.

Franco, in contrast to Stalin, turned to Britain and not Germany for economic aid and refused to enter the war on Hitler's side, which Hugh Thomas calls a "remarkable achievement." The Republic, on the other hand, not only took military aid from Moscow, which was understandable, but also allowed the Soviet Union to take over their country. Franco took aid from Hitler but, in contrast, gave the Germans only mining rights.

And, finally, to the subject of Nicaragua. Here the malevolent Morton refers to me as "nominally a socialist," evidently because I dare to criticize the Sandinistas without the ever-present need to spend most of one's time knocking the *contras*. (I leave that to *Nation* readers, who are expert at criticizing only the *contras*.) Ironically, in the August issue of *Commentary*, PRODEMCA president Penn Kemble argues that my opposition to the *contras* stems from my "faith that revolutionary 'socialism' remains an honorable cause." Both Morton on the left and Kemble on the right demand the simplicity of an either/or position. Unfortunately, the world is not so simple.

One cannot tell what George Orwell would have thought of Nicaragua. But the man closest to him in outlook and passion, the poet/philosopher Octavio Paz, who fought in Spain, has written that the brutal practices of the Spanish Republic revealed that "a similar atmosphere reigned in both camps." Cautioning the left that the ends we seek, "however lofty they may be, cannot be separated from the means we employ," Paz concludes that an elite of revolutionary cadres in Nicaragua is "transforming itself day by day . . . into a Communist dictatorship." It is truly pathetic to find that a radical of Morton's age comes up with a style and argument, to use Paz's words, that is "no different from that of the Stalinists of thirty years ago."

Ronald Radosh

MORTON REPLIES

New York City

Ronald Radosh complains that I tried to "ridicule" him when I said he believes that

Spain should be thankful that Franco won the Spanish Civil War. He then goes on to make precisely that argument. Why does Radosh feel ridiculed when someone summarizes his ideas?

Radosh and I agree that Stalin's aid to the Spanish Republic was accompanied by brutal repression. We differ in our understanding of what this says about the Loyalist cause. Although Stalin did great damage to the Spanish Republic, the government remained popular among Spanish workers and therefore remained worthy of support. Radosh is correct in saying that Stalin's brutality harmed Republican morale, but when he adds that the Spanish "finally found little worth fighting for," he's talking nonsense. Sevilla Pastor, a fiercely anti-Stalinist Republican, put it this way: "In the end it always came back to the same thing: the most important objective was to fight the main enemy, the one in the trenches opposite. Most of us felt like that."

If the people of Republican Spain "no longer saw a clear choice," then it's hard to account for their behavior. In 1939, when Franco conquered Catalonia, half a million people fled across the border to France. That same winter, while the people of Madrid were starving, Franco bombed the city with bread in order to weaken their will to resist. The result? As Ronald Fraser recounts in *Blood of Spain*, "People trampled the bread with rage."

Radosh and I also disagree about what Spain might have become if the Loyalists had won. What, Radosh asks, "provides Morton with any basis for supposing" that Spain could have avoided the fate that befell Eastern Europe after World War II? I went over this in my article, but since Radosh apparently skipped that part, I'll say it again: "Unlike most of the Eastern European countries, Spain had a militant working class with deep egalitarian traditions. . . . The most relevant parallel here might be Yugoslavia—the only country in Stalin's orbit that successfully told him to go to hell."

I never said that Spain surely would have remained independent, only that it might well have. Radosh dismisses that case as an impossibility. I envy him his omniscience.

As for Radosh's comments on World War II, I am puzzled. In his *New Criterion* article he says that the only reason for supporting the Republic was to stop Hitler. Now he says that the victory of the Republic would have helped Hitler. How can you argue with a man who can't figure out what he's trying to say?

In the same article Radosh declared himself the spiritual heir of George Orwell. So it seems appropriate to close with a passage from Orwell's essay "Looking Back on the Spanish War": "The only propaganda line open to the Nazis and Fascists, was

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EDITORIALS.

Eighty-sixing '86

“Eighty-six” is hash-house slang for the act of cancellation and prohibition. “Eighty-six the home fries, eighty-six the jukebox, eighty-six the drunk at the end of the bar.” President Reagan must wish he could eighty-six 1986, or at least its last four months. The year that began brilliantly for him, with the bombardment of Libya, the passage of tax reform, the vote for *contra* aid, the invasion of the Bolivian coca fields and the proposal of a national policy of mandatory urinalysis, has ended in disaster, for him. The Fourth of July celebration around and about the Statue of Liberty was Reagan's greatest moment of triumph and the apotheosis of Reaganism—the transformation of all the militaristic, materialistic and mean-spirited policies of his Administra-

tion into a proud evocation of the American dream.

After that, things started to fall apart. Disinformation, Daniloff, Reykjavik, sanctions, elections and, finally, the scandal in Washington. Defeat followed on defeat and humiliation on humiliation. All at once the pride was gone; the dream was over. How could anyone have guessed that the consciousness and culture of the Reagan era were as vulnerable as its policies and politics? Although it seems unlikely, the Administration's shovel brigade could succeed in cleaning up well enough to let the President return to a normal schedule of business. Nevertheless, no matter how the crisis ends, neither Reagan's authority nor the spirit he projected will ever be fully restored.

Reagan's fall from grace had a classic cause: hubris. The Administration grew so confident in its imperial crusade that it disregarded even the basic necessities to the democratic process which American history and civic society demand.

JAN 6 1987

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There is a pantheon of ideals and icons to which most Americans pay tribute and, indeed, by which the nation has defined itself over the centuries. The earthly powers that be regularly ignore those democratic gods, but the miracle is that retribution comes more often than not. In the past quarter-century a succession of Presidents have got their just deserts for breaking the icons and subverting the ideals. Now Reagan is suffering for his hypocrisy.

If there is some small consolation that the President can take from this crisis it is that the opposition so far has been weak, frightened, disorganized and ambivalent. For six years the Democrats—as a party and as individual leaders of the political opposition—did little opposing at all. Grenada and Libya won “bipartisan” cheers; Reagan’s war in Nicaragua was allowed to proceed with only perfunctory delays. Until recently not a word was heard about the dozens of covert operations being carried out in America’s name by Heaven-knows-who around the world. Earlier restrictions on aid to South Africa’s surrogates in Angola were overturned with Democratic concurrence, and the loyal opposition even agreed to limit significantly the sanctions against South Africa.

The members of the select committees in both houses of Congress that will begin hearings on the Iran scandal next year—with the possible exception of the low-key but serious Senator Paul Sarbanes and several other alumni of the Watergate hearings—have been chosen by the Democratic leadership for their mainstream “moderation” and political tact, rather than for any investigatory zeal. Eight of the eleven Senators voted for *contra* aid; among the Representatives the tally is 9 to 6. The behavior of most legislators toward Vice Adm. John Poindexter and Lieut. Col. Oliver North when they appeared before the committees earlier this month does not give much reason for optimism that hard questions will be asked and pursued. Commenting editorially on those hearings, *The Washington Post* wrote:

You would not have guessed that the two witnesses . . . had been called up because they were known to have been deeply involved in ill-considered clandestine activities that had brought ridicule and disgrace on the administration they worked for and the policies it said it was pursuing. On the contrary, you would have thought that they were about to be awarded the Nobel Prize.

What we don’t need is an awards ceremony, an apology or a whitewash on Capitol Hill. There is a vacuum of criticism and a failure of policy, and the Democrats will only compound the damage the Reagan Administration has done if they decide not to fill that gap.

HOLIDAY SCHEDULE

As is our usual practice at this time of year, we will skip an issue. Our normal weekly schedule resumes on January 10. Seasonal cheer to all our readers, writers and artists.

Ain't Gonna Play

Perhaps bruised by recent skirmishes with conservative groups over its series *The Africans*, the Public Broadcasting Service refused to air *The Making of Sun City*, winner of an International Documentary Association award. Combining filmed segments of an antiapartheid concert with news footage and interviews, the video is the work of Artists United Against Apartheid, a group of fifty-four rock and jazz musicians, including Bruce Springsteen and Miles Davis.

PBS vice president Barry Chase claims that airing the documentary would jeopardize the network’s “journalistic integrity.” When the filmmakers offered to re-edit *Sun City* to meet PBS’s objections, Chase brusquely turned them down. “PBS does not exist to distribute programs whose central purpose is to advertise the views and personalities of their producers,” he told them. (He apparently saw no contradiction in the network’s recent screening of two Lucasfilm documentaries about the making of its own films, *Star Wars* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.)

Meanwhile, at least three PBS affiliates have announced plans to screen a ten-hour miniseries called *Shaka Zulu*. Partly funded by the South African government, the series was hailed in Parliament as “the greatest project undertaken” by the South African Broadcasting Corporation and a vital boost for the country’s “image abroad.” In a September 26 letter to the makers of *Sun City*, Chase wrote, “We have absolutely no apologies to make for PBS’s record on serious coverage of South Africa.” Let the viewer beware.

Miskito Coast

Managua

It has long been known that U.S. planners want the *contras* to seize some Nicaraguan territory in order to establish a provisional government. And with Washington under pressure from Honduras to get its surrogate forces out of that country, a *contra* invasion limited but direct U.S. support may be in the cards. Because of its inaccessibility and the relative hostility of its population toward the Sandinistas, Nicaragua’s Atlantic coast would be the likely staging point.

If, however, the *contras* and their sponsors in Washington believe that the Miskito Indians and other ethnic groups on Nicaragua’s eastern seaboard would welcome the invaders, they had better think twice. The Sandinistas have come a long way from the paternalism and repression that first characterized their approach to the region.

Early in 1985 they undertook a threefold initiative, involving a cease-fire and dialogue with the Miskito rebels, an autonomy plan for the region and the offer of a return home to those Indians who had abandoned their villages on the Coco River, including those forcibly resettled by the government in 1982. Many Miskitos still wonder whether this new-

found respect for Indian rights is genuine or merely an image-building tactic.

In any case the increasing stability of the government's position in the Atlantic coast region is apparent to anyone who travels there. Many Miskito fighters have honored the cease-fire, and those who have not are being strongly urged by their communities to do so. Of 12,000 local people who crossed into Honduras as refugees in March, 7,000 have now returned home. They say that those who remain behind would like to come back to Nicaragua but are prevented from doing so by Honduran soldiers and troops of the *contra* group KISAN.

KISAN, a Miskito acronym for Nicaragua Coast Indian Unity, was created from the remnants of Steadman Fagoth's Misura army in a September 1985 assembly that was designed to bring the fractious Miskito rebel movement under the banner of the Nicaraguan Democratic Force (F.D.N.), the principal *contra* organization. But even as KISAN's new leaders were courting Washington, a number of its field commanders were returning to Nicaragua to engage in talks already under way with the government.

In dramatic illustration of the erosion of the group's indignant support, KISAN's recruitment techniques now involve intimidation of the Miskito population resettling the Coco River. One local man who travels regularly on the river says he saw KISAN press-gang thirty young men in the village of Living Creek in November. Charges of KISAN terror, kidnapping and robbery abound.

The Sandinistas, meanwhile, have been cultivating the loyalty of the growing number of Miskito combatants who favor dialogue. The government has allowed the fighters to keep their weapons. In the central plains of the coastal region, as well as in some upriver villages, the Indian warriors even patrol with Sandinista army regulars. The Miskito communities have begun to see the tangible benefits of peace and, in turn, to regard the Sandinistas and the pro-dialogue rebels with greater respect.

In any effort to separate the coastal region from the rest of Nicaragua, the C.I.A. would also require the support of Brooklyn Rivera's Misurasata army, which maintains its forces around the communities of the Atlantic's central littoral. So far, however, Rivera's insistence on remaining independent of U.S. manipulation leaves him closer to the Sandinistas than to the F.D.N. Rivera's authority in the field, however, is endangered by his continuing absence and indecision. Already, Misurasata shows signs of disintegration, with some field commanders aligning themselves with the F.D.N. and others with the Sandinistas.

Even as the Sandinistas hurriedly prepare the defense of Puerto Cabezas—the main port on the northern Atlantic coast and prospective capital of a *contra* provisional government—they hold the political and military initiative in the coastal communities. The C.I.A. may no longer be able to count on the Atlantic coast as a beachhead for its invasion.

SCOTT WALLACE

Scott Wallace is a Managua-based journalist who has reported from Central America since 1983.

Partnership

(Continued From Front Cover)

flexible stance would probably better serve Israeli interests.

The assurance that the United States is behind us has also reinforced certain tendencies in Israeli policy. Since 1948 Israel's national security planners have worked from one basic assumption: the Arab world wants to erase us from the earth. Until the late 1960s and early 1970s there was a clear consensus that anything necessary to defend the nation was acceptable.

Israel has long cultivated relationships with any group that was unfriendly to the Arab majority in the Middle East. As early as the 1930s and 1940s we sought ties with the Christians in Lebanon and Syria. In the 1950s a plan to aid an irredentist movement among the Druse of those two countries was seriously considered. Arms were sent to Kurdish rebels in Iraq and to rebel groups in South Yemen and the Sudan. Relations with Iran were the linchpin of that strategy. Until the Shah's fall in 1979, Israel's close ties with that country included the training of Savak, Iran's secret police.

A second pillar of Israeli defense policy that evolved during the first twenty years of the state was military self-sufficiency. For a long time Israel had great difficulty maintaining a steady supply of arms from abroad, a problem that was underlined when France and Britain imposed an embargo on Israel on the first day of the Six Day War. We therefore set out to establish our own arms industry. Since local demand is too small to bring costs to an affordable level, the economics of arms production require large-scale export.

If these policies of seeking alliances and selling arms ever made sense, they don't any longer. A peace agreement was signed between Israel and Egypt in 1979, and most of the Arab countries surrounding Israel, with the possible exception of Syria, would be ready to make peace if the Palestinian problem were solved. Continuing an approach that made some sense in the early years of the state shows that, at a minimum, Israel's foreign policy-makers suffer from a lack of imagination. The fact that nearly all of the top foreign policy leaders—from Peres and Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin of Labor to Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir and former Ambassador to the United States Moshe Arens of Likud—are products of what must be called Israel's military-industrial complex raises questions about their ability even to conceive of an alternative path for Israel.

We shall reap what we sow. It is the height of stupidity to continue to work for an alliance with an Iran that, under Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini and his mullahs, is committed to the destruction of Israel. In doing so we are antagonizing Iraq, which has friendly relations with Egypt and has recently moderated its stance on Israel. Moreover, while other Arab countries are looking for an accommodation with us, Iran's sole ally is Syria, still our most bitter enemy.

Likewise, through its arms dealings, Israel is connected with the world's most reactionary regimes. This is due partly to Israel's export requirements, but it is also the result of its role as a proxy for the United States. Since 1977, Israel's

clients have included Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua under Somoza, El Salvador, Chile, Bolivia, Argentina under the junta, Indonesia, Zaire and South Africa. Selling arms to those regimes has undermined Israel's long-term interests and its moral fiber.

Israel can escape from this situation only by seeking accommodation and peace with our Arab neighbors. We may win some temporary advantages by exploiting the rifts and

divisions in the Arab world, but our recent experience in Lebanon shows that that path is fraught with peril. We must also find a way to loosen our embrace of the United States. No country should sacrifice its basic interests in response to a request from another country.

CHAIM SHUR

Chaim Shur is the editor of New Outlook, an English-language monthly published in Israel.

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

You will be relieved to hear that the Wall Street trader I know from college, Martin G. Kashfleau, remains at large. Actually, that's not a terribly nice way to put it. What I mean to say is that Kashfleau has not been indicted yet. That doesn't sound too good either. I'll try again. I would like to announce that Mr. Martin G. Kashfleau, the distinguished financier and ascending Manhattan social figure, has not been named in any investigation of Wall Street trading practices currently being carried out by the Securities and Exchange Commission and the United States Attorney's Office, but remains terrified that one of his friends will rat on him. There. That ought to do it.



I used to see Kashfleau around town a lot—he was one of those high-powered financiers who always asked you what you were into, in the hope he'd be able to say he just got out of that—but fear seems to have driven him indoors. I can't say I blame him for being worried about the possibility that one of his friends might decide to serve him up to the Federales. From the way Wall Street traders have been ratting on their pals to save their own skins lately, it's obvious that none of these fancy business schools require a course in foxhole behavior. For all Kashfleau knows, he may be on discount special in some squealer's pre-Christmas sale.

I regret to say that from the moment the insider trading scandal became public, some of our classmates began playing little jokes on Kashfleau—hiring men in dark suits to follow him for a few blocks, say, or leaving the names of bail bondsmen on his answering machine.

They reported that you could tell right away how scared Kashfleau was by what his answering machine said before the beep: "Martin G. Kashfleau is not available to speak to you, and knows nothing anyway. He would like to make it clear that he has never traded on information not available to the general public and that every penny he has made in the market is a result of plain dumb luck."

When our classmates had gone through all the bail bondsmen in the Yellow Pages, they began leaving messages of encouragement on his machine—messages like "You've got nothing to worry about, Marty, as long as you're certain you've only dealt with gentlemen."

After a while the pre-beep message Kashfleau had on his answering machine started changing daily. "Mr. Kashfleau would like to make it clear that what he told some friends about Acme Bolt & Tube last year was based on information

gathered from a *People* magazine story he happened to have read in his dentist's waiting room," it would say, or "Mr. Kashfleau would like to make it clear that the legendary 200-button telephone at his desk has been used strictly for calling around to make certain that the old gents who spend their days watching the ticker in the back of stockbrokers' offices in retirement communities have the same information he does."

One of the pre-beep messages—"Martin G. Kashfleau would like to make it clear that the purpose of the extra-long tape that follows the beep is not to provide time for detailed insider trading tips but to permit his aged and infirm aunt, who lives in Fort Myers, Florida, to list all of her symptoms in one call"—made Kashfleau's tormenters realize that they had time to put a little playlet on his answering machine. They held auditions among our classmates to see who would get to play the S.E.C. agent.

Johnny Murphy, who won that part, opens the play by telling a trader who has been caught red-handed that the government would be interested in obtaining some incriminating tapes on the activities of one Martin G. Kashfleau.

"Marty Kashfleau's my friend!" shouts the trader (somewhat overplayed by Pudge Hackenberry, a frustrated actor who ended up in insurance sales). "He gave me my start."

"You could help restore public confidence in the market," the S.E.C. man says.

"Get lost," the trader says. "Marty was the best man at my wedding. I'm the godfather of his children."

"You'd be doing your duty as a citizen."

"Marty put me up for the squash club," the trader says. "You could pull my fingernails out and I'd never rat on Marty Kashfleau."

"We might be able to arrange for things to go a bit easier for you," the S.E.C. agent says.

There's a pause. Then the trader says, "I hope we can strap the tape recorder to my ankle instead of my back. I find with these double-vent suits, a tape recorder on the back makes such a bulge."

I don't know the effect the play had on Kashfleau's state of mind, but it apparently convinced him that defending himself over his answering machine was futile. I'm told that the message is always the same these days. The voice says, "Martin G. Kashfleau, the Wall Street trader, remains at large."

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Just look at the witless, evasive faces of the Reagan team as they succeed one another on television screens, witness stands and the pulpits of badly staged press conferences. It is clear that this crew cannot tell the truth. Ask not, then, whether they knew or when they knew it. Don't waste your *Angst* on the non-issue of a potentially "crippled Presidency." Don't ask how "credibility can be restored" to a bunch who never had it in the first place. Ask, rather, Do you trust these people with nuclear weapons?

Not all private foreign policies are bad and not all of them need to be conducted in corrupt secrecy. For most of this year the Natural Resources Defense Council (N.R.D.C.) in Washington has been engaged in a lonely, underfunded and widely ignored effort to monitor compliance with a possible nuclear test-ban treaty. The N.R.D.C. has sent independent U.S. seismologists to the Soviet Union and has attempted to get the Administration's permission for a reciprocal team to visit this country. This has involved it in a steady confrontation with the shiftiness of Reagan's defense establishment.

Try a free-association test and ask yourself what is the official objection to a nuclear test-ban treaty. "Verification"—or sometimes "verifiability"—yes? In the President's address to the U.N. General Assembly in September this was again given as the one insuperable obstacle to the goal, which he affected to share, of a moratorium on nuclear weapons testing. In places as varied as Reykjavik and Madrid, and on numerous occasions as varied as stump speeches and meetings with foreign leaders, the same line has been endlessly reiterated. We, too, would like a test ban. But we can't trust the Russians not to cheat.

This has been official dogma since 1963, when Ronald Reagan and Barry Goldwater opposed the atmospheric test-ban treaty on the same ground. Impediments to verification have been stated, by more polished conservatives, to be three in number. First, the United States lacks reliable instruments for detecting nuclear detonations of more than one kiloton in yield. Second, there is no exact means of distinguishing an underground nuclear test from an earthquake. Third, the necessary monitoring stations are too far from the sites of nuclear testing.

One by one those objections have been shown to be false and alarmist. The best reference here is an important article in *Scientific American* for October 1982. Two experienced geophysicists, Lynn Sykes and Jack Evernden, produced a paper titled "The Verification of a Comprehensive Nuclear Test Ban." They pointed out that new techniques in seismology make it easy to distinguish between a tremor in the crust of the earth and a thermonuclear test. They concluded:

For many years the stated policy of the U.S. has emphasized the desirability of a complete test ban if verification could be ensured. The policy was not fundamentally altered by the recent decision of the Reagan administration to put off further negotiations on the test ban. On the contrary, it was reported that the administration still supports the ultimate goal of a comprehensive ban on nuclear testing but has doubts about

the efficacy and reliability of seismic methods of verification. As we have attempted to show here, there can be no substance to such doubts.

So much for the theoretical side of the question. The N.R.D.C. has been, since last July, engaged in putting the theory to the test. A group of American volunteer scientists have been sitting outside the main Soviet nuclear test site in Kazakhstan, demonstrating the feasibility of verification. The value of their mission, which cost \$2 million to organize from private sources and which could have been lost in the margins of Lieut. Col. Oliver North's imperial bookkeeping, is incalculable. It would obviously be enhanced if a similar team of Soviet scientists could be ensconced in Nevada. After all, nothing of military value can be learned from seismic signals. Yet in the very month that President Reagan was addressing the United Nations about the alleged problems of verification, his Administration obstructed the visit of a group of Soviet scientists who had been invited by the N.R.D.C. for precisely that purpose.

As the counterpart to this bureaucratic obstruction, the military establishment has been not-so-subtly altering its policy on verification anyway. Interestingly, the Pentagon does not contest the findings of Sykes and Evernden. Rather, it attempts to change the subject by a sleight of hand. In July, Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle told Congress that he was opposed to a test-ban treaty whether it could be verified or not. His immediate subordinate, Frank Gaffney, published (and perhaps wrote) an article in *The Washington Post* on August 29. The Gaffney piece stated, "Even if we could verify compliance with a CTB [comprehensive test ban treaty], it would not be compatible with our national interest."

Like everything else in the Reaganite political armory, this piece of deception masks itself in ordinary, humane language. "Verification," like cheating, was a good, common-sense concept, readily intelligible to the layman. (So, until recently, was "terrorism.") But now it turns out that the Administration never meant a word of it and that the stress on verification was simply the pursuit of superiority by other means. You wouldn't trust the Reaganites with a slush fund. You wouldn't trust them with a relative or a friend who had been taken hostage. You can't trust them within an inch of a mercenary or a drug-dealing, thieving gangster posing as a counterrevolutionary democrat. I repeat, how can you trust them with nuclear weapons?

(The address of the Natural Resource Defense Council, for donations and information, is 1350 New York Avenue N.W., Suite 300, Washington, DC 20005.)

* * *

No wonder conservatives are worried about the implications of the *contra* scandal, which, by the way, I suggest should be called Profligate. After boring us for years about "big government" and the need for "less government," they have landed us with a big-spending invisible government. This invisible government does have one thing in common with the "legit" one. It has the same President.

ARTICLES.

■ LABOR WOOS THE U.S.

Neil Kinnock
On the Road

RONNIE DUGGER

The British peace movement's moral crusades against nuclear weapons have found political form in the British Labor Party's promise to achieve a nonnuclear Britain upon gaining power. With Neil Kinnock, the Labor leader, ahead of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher by a few points in public opinion polls during most of 1986, but trailing her by a few points recently, the politico-military establishments in Europe and the United States are preparing to mount the most damaging possible attacks on Labor's appeal to the British electorate.

In the last two days of November and the first week of December, Kinnock and his chief foreign policy adviser, Charles Clarke, visited the United States to make Labor's case to chosen audiences and the media. Kinnock will return in late February to try to reassure officials in the Reagan Administration and members of Congress that a Labor-governed, nonnuclear Britain would continue to be a loyal ally of the United States and a fully contributing member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Nevertheless, Labor rejects the NATO doctrines concerning first use of nuclear weapons and "flexible response," which Kinnock translates to mean "limited nuclear war"—an implausibility, he says. This slowly developing but mortally serious controversy is the most basic political challenge from within NATO since the organization's formation, in 1949.

"The policy is to get rid of British nuclear weapons—to cancel Trident, to decommission Polaris, to withdraw tactical nuclear weapons," Kinnock told a group in Boston. The Greenham Common cruise missile base, the Molesworth cruise missile facility (if it is ever opened) and the Poseidon base at Holy Loch, Scotland, where about half of the U.S. fleet of sixteen Poseidon submarines is stationed, will be closed. Nuclear weapons on F-111 aircraft will be removed.

For sound historical reasons, there is skepticism in Britain about Labor's antinuclear promises. Harold Wilson cynically made such pledges and then, as Labor Prime Minister, just as cynically broke them. Yet last summer in London when I asked Bruce Kent, a leader of Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, if he trusts Kinnock, Kent said with conviction that he does.

"From day one," Kinnock exclaimed in New York City in December, "they are no longer active nuclear weapons." Upon Labor's election, he continued, the weapons and related systems will be recalled and decommissioned. "We

would want the dismantling to commence immediately. . . . We want the cruise missiles withdrawn." The exact timing, he said, remains "to some extent in the realm of guesswork," and he indicated that the United States would be allowed reasonable time to comply. Pressed on the subject, Clarke said, "There are no circumstances that it would be more than three years, something like that, to carry things through."

The Labor Party has repackaged the agenda of the British peace movement into a political program. Some of the content is similar, but the movement's moral arguments have been replaced, almost completely, with strategic, military and budgetary rationales. Labor wants to get rid of all nuclear weapons, but Kinnock pledges to spend all the money thereby saved on beefing up Britain's conventional military defenses. A Labor-governed Britain will stay "locked into NATO," he asserted, but Labor will work within NATO for the adoption of a policy of no-first-use and a shift away from nuclear weapons to conventional ones.

"In the Labor Party we stand for strong national defense and a strong contribution to NATO, which is the fundament of our security," Kinnock told his Boston audience. "Our country spends 95 percent of our defense spending and 5 percent of our gross national product upon that commitment to NATO."

Kinnock has not repudiated the moral considerations that underlie most opposition to nuclear weapons. To the contrary, in Boston he said he shares the conviction held not only by the political and religious critics of nuclear weapons but also by "those in the military who consider that the mass annihilation of life and the very *means* of life is not any more morally acceptable for the honorable profession of arms than it is for others." But he and his colleagues have made a political decision to confine their case against nuclear weapons almost entirely to pragmatic reasoning.

Kinnock's most elusive practical argument is also his most far-reaching one—that "nuclear weapons cannot be used to defend Britain" because their use "would exterminate our country." He quoted a former chief of the British defense staff: "To pose an unacceptable risk to the enemy automatically poses the same risk to oneself." From the effects of the Chernobyl accident it is apparent, Kinnock said, that "even if a nuclear war could be confined to Europe . . . it would still be an irreversible cataclysm on a continental scale." Furthermore, "limiting" a nuclear war is inherently unlikely and cannot be expected, since the Russians have made it "absolutely clear" that they would not permit such a war to remain limited. Approvingly, Kinnock mentioned that the former British defense staff chief once said he had never seen a scenario in which an independent British use of nuclear weapons, whether first use or in retaliation, would have made sense. "The size and location of our country means that using nuclear weapons would always be either pointless or self-destructive, or both," Kinnock declared in Boston. "There is a common-sense consensus" in Britain about this. As Clarke put it, "If there is a nuclear exchange

Ronnie Dugger, publisher of the Texas Observer, is writing a book on the ethical implications of nuclear weapons.

in Europe, that's where we live, and we would be destroyed; America wouldn't."

By extension Kinnock argues that nuclear deterrence itself is no longer rational. He cited Henry Kissinger's 1979 statement that "it is absurd to base the strategy of the West on the credibility of mutual suicide." And he went on to quote the question Kissinger asked later that same year: "How can one go on telling a democratic public that its extermination is the best guarantee of its security? It is a nonsensical proposition." Kinnock maintains that making nuclear weapons more usable for the purpose of making deterrence more credible and nuclear war less likely has indeed made the weapons more usable but nuclear war more likely. However, he does not advocate unilateral nuclear disarmament by the United States without matching reductions by the Soviet Union.

He explicitly advances the idea that the need for "common security" between East and West is "the dominant reality of the modern world." When asked in New York City if he would include the Soviet Union in common security, he replied: "Yeah, you can't have common security if you exclude it." This expansion or, rather, transformation of the earlier idea of mutual security in alliance against the Soviet Union has also been surfacing in the U.S. peace movement.

In 1983, when Labor lost badly to the Thatcher conservatives, it seemed to Kinnock and his policy people that their stand on nuclear disarmament was one cause of their downfall. "The way our policy was perceived was to have no defense," Kinnock explained in New York City. In the past three years, then, as Clarke said, the leaders resolved to make it clear that "the British Labor Party has a policy committed to the effective defense of Britain."

Perhaps to emphasize that point, Kinnock makes some bellicose-sounding statements. In the course of discussing the military and fiscal efficiency of destroying a \$3 million tank with a \$15,000 antitank missile, or a \$30 million fighter with a \$1.5 million Patriot missile, he remarked: "We're not going to fight the last war next time." By dedicating the money now spent on nuclear weapons systems to conven-

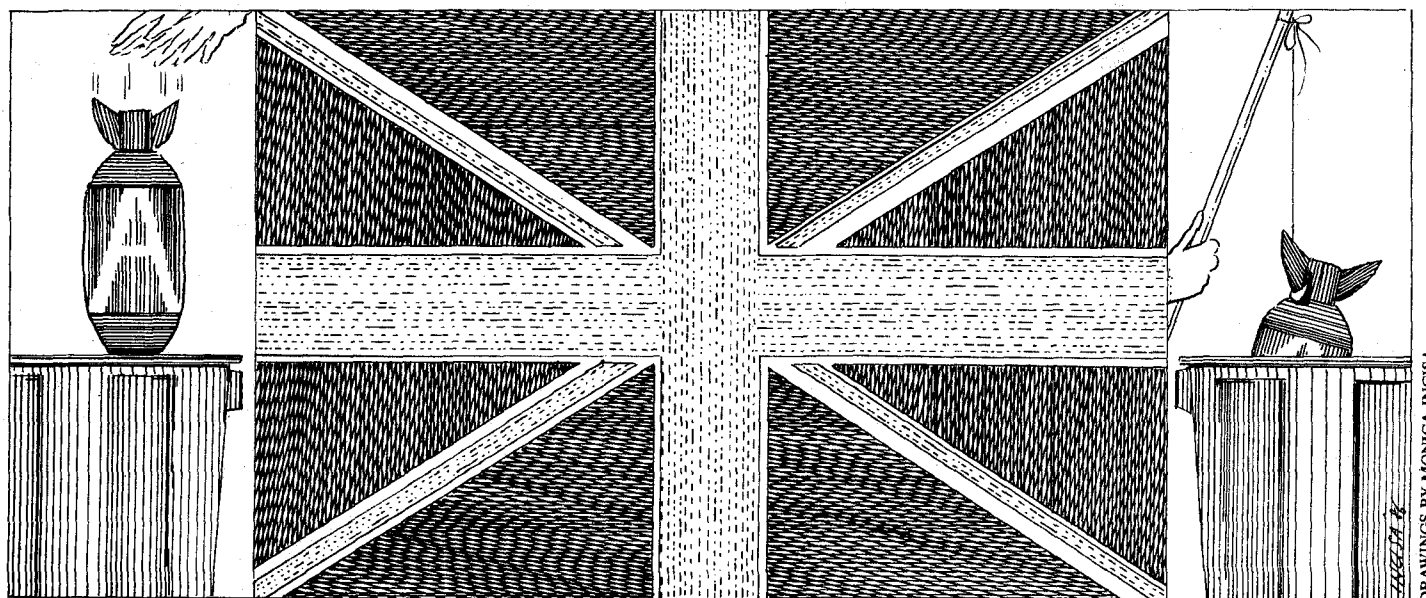
tional defenses, he said, the British can increase their ability to prevent "the westward movement" of Soviet troops. Such warlike pronouncements may well be necessary to convince the British public that Labor can be trusted with the national security. They also arise from something relatively new in the antinuclear left: a will to reason out and arrange for the actual defense of a nation without nuclear weapons.

Kinnock worked earnestly to convince his American listeners that he is committed to a continued alliance with the United States. "I believe in the security of the United States," he said, adding that after Britain goes nonnuclear, 132 of the 160 U.S.-owned military installations in Britain will be in place—early-warning sites, intelligence posts, airfields, storage and backup facilities. Clarke stressed, "There is nothing anti-American in our stance."

Kinnock has to reach wide to keep all his arguments in touch with one another. For instance, he denies charges made by Representative Stephen Solarz that Labor's policy will cause a chain reaction against nuclear weapons in Europe, yet his party is committed to seeking "a nuclear-free Europe." Asked about that goal directly, he granted, "Yes, I think it's to be pursued," but passed on quickly to more congenially aligned ideas.

Until recently the Labor Party wanted to bar all nuclear weapons from British territorial waters. Kinnock now says that a Labor government would allow U.S. vessels carrying nuclear weapons to make port calls, although they could not be stationed in British waters. Thus, Britain is not "another New Zealand." According to Kinnock, a policy like New Zealand's enforced in British waters would gravely injure U.S. security interests. In barring nuclear vessels from its ports, New Zealand has expressed its desire not to be a Soviet nuclear target. Clarke said Britain cannot hope for such a benediction as long as there are nuclear weapons in Europe (notably, he might have added, just across the channel).

Kinnock and Clarke specified that Labor will denuclearize Britain no matter what the Soviet Union does; that is, that Labor's policy is unilateral nuclear disarmament for Britain. Kinnock added, however, that Gorbachev



DRAWINGS BY MONICA INCISA

has personally offered Britain a "comparable missile reduction" in exchange for British cuts. "It isn't a question of trusting," he said. "It's a question of saying, O.K., let's give it a try." Clarke offered a more pointed retort to those who berate Labor for unilateralism. Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative is a "major unilateral step," he said. "We're being accused of being unilateral by people who are being unilateral in the other direction."

Those are the kinds of arguments Kinnock advanced during his trip to the United States. In Atlanta he spent time with his friend Mayor Andrew Young; the guests at a gathering in his honor at New York University included McGeorge Bundy and Arthur Schlesinger Jr.; in Boston, John Kenneth Galbraith was his host at a dinner. A few weeks earlier, in London, Kinnock had seen Senator Claiborne Pell, who will chair the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in the new Congress, as well as Representative Solarz. In Washington, Kinnock visited privately with Senators Gary Hart, Edward Kennedy and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, former Senator Howard Baker and Representative Les Aspin.

During an hour-and-a-half colloquy at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington (which Kinnock skipped because, it was explained, that was the only time Senator Kennedy could see him), Clarke was assailed by William Arkin, the institute's specialist on nuclear weapons, for Labor's commitment to NATO. "There is no such thing as a conventional NATO," Arkin said. As Britain goes non-nuclear, he predicted, the United States will withdraw from NATO and the organization will "fall apart."

Clarke told Arkin that he found his remarks "very insulting, actually." Only "a tiny, tiny number of people" believe that British nuclear disarmament would destroy NATO. "There's a very good chance that we will strengthen NATO."

How, Arkin came back, could Britain renounce nuclear weapons for itself yet continue in a nuclear NATO? "The motivation of our policy is almost entirely practical and pragmatic," Clarke replied; Labor intends to try to persuade the organization to move away from nuclear weapons. Would Britain cease to participate, Arkin asked, in the Nuclear Planning Group? Of course not, Clarke replied; "We wish to be a part of the strategy of NATO."

"You're going to be left with an alliance that's still NATO," Arkin said. But if Arkin meant that Britain, when it goes nonnuclear, should also pull out of NATO, he did not say that to Clarke.

During the I.P.S. discussion Clarke permitted himself an interesting speculation. He had just explained that Labor's nonnuclear policy was adopted partly because of the party's sharply reduced confidence in prospects for arms control. He was asked: What if a new Democratic President urged Kinnock, as Prime Minister, to wait to go nonnuclear until the U.S. Administration had a chance to cut an arms control deal with the Russians? "I would think that [the President's appeal] would be something that Mr. Kinnock would respond to," Clarke replied.

I.F. Stone, seated across from Clarke, expressed the view that what Labor is advocating is "neither fish nor fowl, but

is dictated by the necessity of achieving a wide consensus in a general election." As an alternative, Stone suggested movement toward "a united Europe," which would be, he said, the biggest of the then-three superpowers. Clarke circled Stone's idea with evasive homilies.

When one of the I.P.S. participants warned Clarke, "You're much more fundamentally unhinging the U.S. strategic design than you think you are," Kinnock's chief policy adviser said Labor's responsibility as a British political party is to devise the most effective way of defending Britain, along with Western Europe. If a Labor government was forced to choose between U.S. and British-European security, it would choose the latter, Clarke said, adding that he does not accept that such a choice has to be made. The question may devolve, he said, into what the United States and a nonnuclear Britain could contribute to each other's defense.

Thus, throughout the U.S. tour, Kinnock and Clarke hewed hard to the Labor position, ferociously when necessary. No doubt they are acutely aware of the political dangers in what they are attempting. For example, when a Democratic member of Congress expressed the opinion that a move to a nonnuclear defense will be perceived in the United States as British unwillingness to pull its weight in the Atlantic alliance, Kinnock was indignant. Britain will continue to pull its weight, he insisted, and will do so even more effectively than it does now, by firmly securing conventional defenses instead of failing in the realms of both conventional and nuclear weapons.

One reason for Labor's recent rise in the British public's esteem is Kinnock's suppression of Trotskyists, who are called the Militant Tendency, in his party. In Boston and Washington, pro-Soviet American Trotskyists picketed him. The handout from the Spartacist League/U.S. called him a scabherder, Red-baiter, labor and class traitor. On the sidewalk in front of the National Press Building the day he spoke there, fifteen or so young Trotskyists marched in a tight oval carrying signs and chanting slogans. Led by a woman carrying a portable microphone and reading from a note pad, they called out together, "Down with NATO! Defend the Soviet Union!" The placards they carried said, among other things: "Honor Kim Philby—Hate Neil Kinnock!" "Bury the Stinking Corpse of Social Democracy," "Judas Kinnock!" "Hail Red Army Victory Over Hitler Fascism!" and "For a Scottish Workers Republic as Part of the USSR!"

The next British election could occur as soon as next May but not later than mid-1988. Kinnock said in New York City that the "saliency" of the nuclear defense issue for the British voters is known to be in the range of 15 percent, compared with about four times that for domestic economic issues. Nevertheless, the defense issue could be critical for Labor again. Thatcher will attack Kinnock harshly on the subject. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger damned Labor's policy on British television, and just before Kinnock addressed the National Press Club, NATO's troop commander, Gen. Bernard Rogers, did likewise. Defenders

of nuclear NATO seem to be deciding that Kinnock is vulnerable to a threat that the United States will withdraw its troops from Europe if they are deprived of the "nuclear shield." This has thrown Kinnock into the apparently awkward posture of emphasizing the need for American troops in Europe for the sake of U.S. as well as European security.

Nuclear weapons issues have been convulsing the Social Democratic Party-Liberal Alliance, Britain's hybrid third force. The ambitious S.D.P. leader, David Owen, caustically opposes Kinnock's nonnuclear policy, which he says will make Britain "fearful, neutralist and third-rate." The Liberals, who are closer to Kinnock than to Thatcher on the issue of defense, nevertheless are motivated to help the Alliance overtake Labor. I asked Kinnock if he thought Owen might join the Conservatives. Yes, he might, Kinnock replied. Would that hurt Labor's chances of winning? No, the contrary! he said.

Although he can be cutting to his foes, Kinnock is an articulate, intelligent and usually friendly man, quick and funny. On television he responds to topics of the day with facility, but brings the talk around, to the extent that he can, to his own points. His wife, Glenys, who joined him for part of his U.S. tour, has deeper roots in the British peace movement than he does.

If Labor wins, according to an extremely well-placed source in London, the expected elevation of Denis Healy to the post of Foreign Secretary will lodge in that key position a Labor elder who is thoroughly cynical about the goal of a nonnuclear Britain. Even Bruce Kent, when asked to describe what he visualizes if Kinnock takes over, thought a Labor victory might result in a stalemated situation, in some ways comparable to the one in Andreas Papandreou's Greece. Nevertheless, Labor's challenge to NATO's arrangements of the past four decades is the antinuclear action in the West now, and before it's over the whole world may be drawn into the fray. □

■ TIMES CHANGE

The Fifth Remembered

JAMES ARONSON

In the early weeks of December, Lieut. Col. Oliver North and Vice Adm. John Poindexter, who ran the National Security Council in the White House, appeared before two Congressional committees and took the Fifth Amendment to protect themselves against giving testimony that might incriminate them.

The Fifth Amendment? The bells of history ring. In a gravelly voice, Senator Joe McCarthy inveighs against the

James Aronson, Thomas Hunter professor emeritus of communications at Hunter College, is a veteran journalist and a founding editor of The National Guardian.

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"Fifth Amendment Communists." The members of the Motion Picture Association of America declare that no writer, actor or director who invoked the Fifth (or any) Amendment before a committee of inquiry will ever work again in Hollywood unless the culprit purges himself or herself. The president of the Screen Actors Guild in 1951 vows to exclude from membership in the guild any uncooperative witness. His name is Ronald Reagan.

But that was then and this is now. Immediately after Ollie and the Admiral chose to remain silent, President Reagan, who had vowed full disclosure by his Administration, was asked by the press how he felt about his boys taking the Fifth. He raised his arms in a defensively helpless gesture, cocked his head and said he couldn't tell people what to do before the committee; after all, they had their rights under the Constitution, as had any American.

There were few charges in the press or on Capitol Hill that the President was "coddling" those who chose to "hide behind the Fifth," as there had been in the old days. A *New York Times* editorial on December 5, titled "Pleading the Fifth Is No Crime," stated:

No matter how sad the spectacle, the former officials are wholly within their rights. . . . Neither guilt nor even consciousness of wrongdoing should be inferred because Admiral Poindexter or Colonel North have invoked their constitutional right to silence at this stage. . . . Three decades ago, Senator Joe McCarthy reviled "Fifth Amendment Communists," presuming the guilt of all who invoked the privilege rather than undergo his questioning. It required calm spokesmen for nonpartisan decency to make clear, as did Erwin Griswold, then dean of Harvard Law School, that "the privilege against self-incrimination is one of the great landmarks in man's struggle to make himself civilized."

That sentiment should be endorsed wholeheartedly by all who have faith that the Bill of Rights protects mobsters, assassins, cloak-and-dagger foreign-policy makers and people with unpopular political beliefs. And since we are looking backward, it may be instructive to review the way in which *The Times* itself handled the issue of its staff and the Fifth Amendment.

In the summer of 1955, Senator James Eastland of Mississippi, chair of a Senate Judiciary subcommittee on internal security, issued subpoenas to thirty-eight journalists (the number was later reduced) for hearings on the alleged influence of the Communist Party on U.S. newspapers. Of the thirty-eight, about twenty-five were members or former members of *The Times's* staff. Although Eastland denied that *The Times* was a special target, it was well known that he was furious with the newspaper for its approval of the Supreme Court's famous decision, handed down one year before, ordering that school segregation be ended with "all deliberate speed."

Among *The Times's* management there was much discussion about how to deal with the witnesses. Publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger wanted to fire anyone who pleaded the Fifth Amendment, but cooler heads prevailed. All but two of the staff members subpoenaed were called in by the management and told to cooperate with *The Times* and

with the subcommittee. Confessionals, presided over by executive editor Turner Catledge and legal counsel Louis Loeb, were eminently successful, for the most part. Staff members divulged their having joined the Communist Party but now deplored the sins of their youth. (Later some went before the subcommittee and named names.)

There were exceptions. A copy editor on the financial desk told the managerial monsignors that he had been a member of the Communist Party before 1942 and that he planned to invoke the Fifth Amendment in response to any questions about that time from the subcommittee. At the hearing he was asked by committee counsel J.G. Sourwine (Dickens could not have devised a more appropriate name) whether he was told that if he took the Fifth Amendment he would be discharged. "I was not so told, sir," was the reply.

As the witness left the stand he was handed a telegram informing him that he had been fired. At the afternoon session Senator Eastland placed in the record a letter he had received that same day from publisher Sulzberger, on the letterhead of *The Times's* Washington bureau, which said that Sulzberger had "just had a report" that the witness had "refused to answer questions put to him." Enclosed was a letter to the witness, addressed to his home in Brooklyn, advising him that his employment by *The New York Times* had ceased.

Senator Eastland was not appeased; he scheduled new hearings, with *Times* employees among the witnesses, for November. After the ineffable counsel Sourwine pointed out that the scheduled date of the hearings coincided with Freedom of the Press Week, they were postponed until January 1956. Meanwhile, the *Times* confessional booth was busy. Staff members who had scruples about informing were urged to tell all in private to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Then they could go before the subcommittee and refuse to testify fully about themselves on the ground that they had unburdened themselves to the appropriate authorities. Eighteen present and former staff members were to testify. Two of them told *The Times* that they planned to take the Fifth Amendment, and were offered the opportunity to resign. One did; the other was fired.

Only two *Times* witnesses were cooperative on the stand; they obviously had satisfied the management in private. A few invoked the Fifth Amendment, were relegated for a considerable time to the back of the newsroom and eventually were restored to respectability. One well-known Washington correspondent met in executive session with the subcommittee and the F.B.I., and in public testimony named several early leaders of the Newspaper Guild as Communists. He was removed from the Washington bureau, assigned to compile the paper's daily news digest, then rehabilitated. But he never went back to Washington.

The Times covered the hearings fully, from January 3 to January 5. On the last day it published a thundering editorial titled "The Voice of a Free Press." The author was Charles Merz, then editor of the editorial page. *The Times*, said the editorial, did not question the propriety of an investigation of the press by an agency of the government; the press was not sacrosanct. *The Times* would not knowingly

hire a member of the Communist Party, and the discovery that it had would result in the person's immediate dismissal. As to those employees who pleaded the Fifth Amendment "for reasons of their own," each case would be judged on its merits. *The Times* did not believe in the "doctrine of irredeemable sin," and held that it was possible for an employee to atone "through good performance for past error." Then the editorial let loose a bolt of lightning on the Senate:

We cannot speak unequivocally for the long future. But we can have faith. And our faith is strong that long after Senator Eastland and his present subcommittee are forgotten, long after segregation has lost its battle in the South, long after all that was known as McCarthyism is a dim, unwelcome memory, long after the last Congressional committee has learned that it cannot tamper successfully with a free press, *The New York Times* will still be speaking for the men who make it, and only for the men who make it, and speaking, without fear or favor, the truth as it sees it.

That's not quite the way the copy editor on the financial desk and two of his colleagues witnessed the truth. Nor did I, a former member of the editorial staff who was called before the Eastland subcommittee. In 1970, I published a book titled *The Press and the Cold War*, in which *The Times*, particularly with regard to the Eastland incident, figures prominently. In a review of the book in *The Nation* for January 25, 1971, Richard Walton, a historian of the cold war, wrote: "I am particularly looking forward to its review in *The New York Times*, daily or Sunday. For Aronson, to speak plainly, accuses *The Times* of being cowardly, hypocritical and a willing accomplice in the cold war crusade. . . . a serious, fair-minded review of this book is as good a criterion as one is likely to find of the stature of a newspaper. Notice, I said serious and fair-minded, not necessarily favorable."

On Sunday, March 7, 1971, *The New York Times Book Review* provided Walton with the opportunity he had wanted. My book and three others were reviewed by Allen Weinstein, who was later to write *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case*, which would be criticized for containing many distortions of fact and misstatements in the service of ideology [see Victor Navasky, "The Case Not Proved Against Alger Hiss," *The Nation*, April 8, 1978]. *The Times*'s review of my book, described by Nat Hentoff in *The Village Voice* for March 18, 1971, as one of "almost unrelenting savagery," prompted Hentoff to write two successive columns—not about the quality of Weinstein's piece but about an unprecedented "Editor's Note" that had been inserted in brackets. Weinstein had acknowledged that "many papers, *The Times* among them, summarily dismissed staff members who refused to cooperate with Congressional Redhunters." Immediately following that sentence came the "Editor's Note," which read:

As a result of the investigations of the Eastland Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, which in 1955 singled out *The Times* for particular attention, *The Times* decided that any employee in a position of editorial or news responsibility who did not cooperate with *The Times* regarding disclosure to

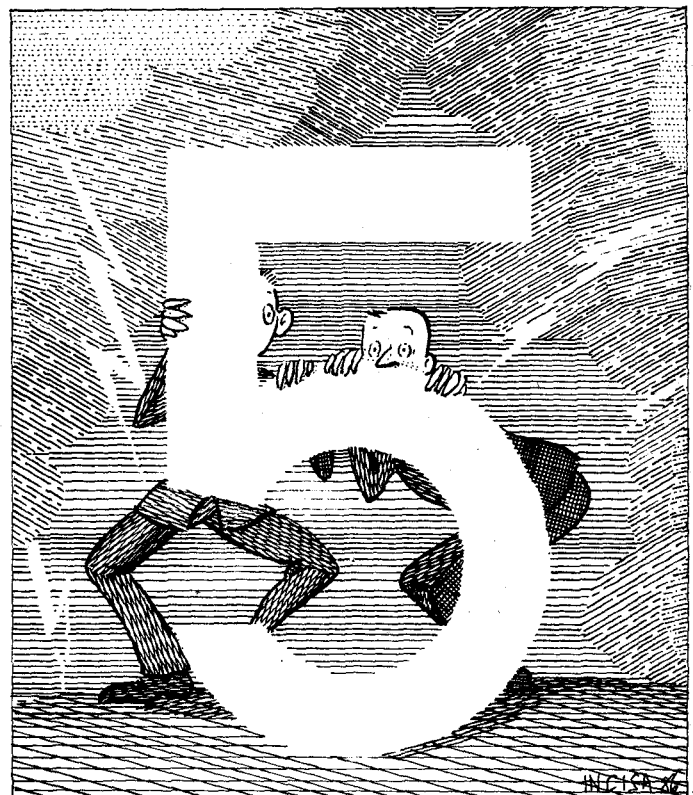
The Times of past Communist party affiliation would be dismissed.

Under this policy, three employees who cooperated with *The Times* were retained as *Times* employees even though they did not cooperate with the Eastland Subcommittee and consequently were cited for contempt. Of 23 *Times* employees called before the Eastland Subcommittee, only three—who refused to cooperate both with *The Times* and the Eastland Subcommittee—were dismissed by *The Times*. —Editor

The note was dishonest. It did not disclose that the three employees who were retained had invoked the First Amendment, and it withheld the information that the financial desk copy editor had indeed reported his former party membership to the paper's management. Aside from *The Times*'s arrogant attitude toward its employees, Hentoff was dismayed by its editorial intrusion in a review. He called John Leonard, then newly installed as editor of the *Book Review*, for an explanation. Leonard told him that the "Editor" was in fact *The Times*'s legal department. The Sunday editor had submitted the review to the lawyers, who wrote the note and signed it that way.

The Times must answer for itself, if it ever will. In the *Times* family, however, one person has nothing to answer for. John B. Oakes, who later became editor of the editorial page, vigorously opposed the paper's policy during the Eastland foray. His occasional articles on the Op-Ed page indicate that his perspicacity and his indignation have not diminished through the years.

One final word about those who invoked the Fifth Amendment then and now. In the McCarthy-Eastland era those who took the Fifth were concerned not so much about self-incrimination as about protecting their beliefs and associations. In the Reagan era Poindexter and North (and



now Maj. Gen. Richard Seccord) may or may not be concerned about self-incrimination, but they are also seeking to protect their associates—government officials in the highest echelons, whose sworn duty is to inform the nation about public policy. But no matter how reprehensible the motives of the President's men, the Fifth Amendment should not be diminished or derogated. □

■ MANLEY'S NEXT MOVES

Sitting in Limbo In Jamaica

MICHAEL KAUFMAN

Watch Jamaica, said Ronald Reagan shortly after his inauguration in 1981. The Caribbean island of 2.2 million people was to be a showcase for the magic of the marketplace, under the auspices of newly elected Prime Minister Edward Seaga. Almost six years have passed, and perhaps the only magic is that Seaga manages to cling to power. In spite of a massive infusion of foreign loans and U.S. aid, the Jamaican economy is a disaster. The national output is stagnant, unemployment and the cost of living continue to rise and devaluations have cut the Jamaican dollar to one-third of what it was worth in October 1980, when Seaga came into office.

The days of Seaga and his Jamaica Labor Party (J.L.P.) are numbered. In July the opposition People's National Party (P.N.P.), led by former Prime Minister Michael Manley, won a landslide victory in local government elections. The P.N.P., as well as members of the business community, labor movement and media are urging Seaga to call national elections, even though he is not required to do so until late 1988. In a clumsy attempt to buy time the Prime Minister announced in October that he would step down next summer. But within a month, although his announcement had failed to elicit howls of protest, he declared that he would stay on; the country needed him too much.

Seaga was elected on a promise that money would soon be "jingling in people's pockets." The turnaround of the economy would be based on a surge of export-led growth, principally in manufactured goods and nontraditional agricultural products, such as flowers and winter vegetables. In line with the Reagan Administration's Caribbean Basin Initiative, Jamaica would be transformed into an export platform for the U.S. market—the Singapore or Taiwan of the Caribbean. Seaga also promised to encourage the growth of Jamaica's two largest official foreign exchange earners,

tourism and bauxite/alumina, and, prodded by Washington, to crack down on ganja, or marijuana, which may be the island's number-one export.

Loans began to flow from commercial banks, the U.S. Agency for International Development, the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank; Jamaica signed agreements for hundreds of millions of dollars in balance-of-payments support from the International Monetary Fund. Although Jamaicans have never displayed much personal fondness for the cold, bureaucratic Seaga, the ease with which the country secured new loans, after years of being starved for cash under the Manley government, bolstered Seaga's reputation as a brilliant technocrat.

Fissures soon began to appear. Much of the money that came in the first years of the J.L.P. government was squandered in a frenzy of consumption by the middle class and the rich. Between 1980 and 1983 imports increased substantially, although exports declined by more than 30 percent. The rate of increase in the import of consumer durables was ten times that of total imports. New cars cruised the potholed streets, and satellite dishes blossomed like exotic plants in the posh neighborhoods on the hillsides surrounding Kingston, the capital. But the flood of cheap imports was ruinous for many sectors of local industry: while 750,000 pairs of shoes were brought into the country, for example, six Jamaican shoe factories closed down for lack of business.

The import of cheap foodstuffs temporarily restrained inflation, but it hastened the decline in agriculture for local consumption. Seaga gave little encouragement to the majority of Jamaican farmers, who subsist on meager incomes from their tiny plots. Instead, he devoted his attention to programs like Agro 21, which received World Bank funding to develop high-technology agriculture, farming largely for export. At the end of 1983 domestic agriculture and livestock production dropped to below 1980 levels. And last summer Agro 21's centerpiece, an experimental vegetable farm, went bankrupt.

Big loans and balance-of-payments support have done nothing to correct the fundamental problems of the economy: factories producing at a fraction of capacity; maldistribution of land; insufficient housing; inadequate production of food, simple consumer goods and clothing; and high rates of unemployment, with all the attendant social ills. It is estimated that in the ghettos of Kingston two out of three people are unemployed. Loans and aid have hardly stimulated capital investment; most of the money that left Jamaica in the 1970s has not returned. Export processing zones, which offered investors government subsidies, tax breaks and low wages, attracted only a modest number of companies, certainly not enough to offset the spectacular contraction of the bauxite/alumina industry. Atlantic-Richfield pulled out of the island, and Reynolds Metals Company closed down its plant. Only the tourism industry, promoted by extensive advertising campaigns in North America, has shown consistent improvement.

As the economic situation worsened after 1983, the government turned to the I.M.F., which demanded successive

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devaluations of the Jamaican dollar in exchange for balance-of-payments support. This did not boost exports, but it did cause dizzying increases in the cost of food, gasoline, electricity, cooking gas, water, bus fares, education and imported raw materials. Between November 1980 and March 1986, Jamaica's consumer price index rose by 117 percent. It was not only the rural and urban poor who saw their living standards slump. By 1983 the middle class too was feeling the crunch and by 1986 its rapid economic decline was clearly visible.

To make matters worse, the social and political climate has deteriorated sharply. A snap election in 1983 on the heels of the Grenada invasion—which briefly heightened Seaga's popularity—was boycotted by the P.N.P. because voting lists were hopelessly outdated. Since then there has been no official opposition in the Jamaica Legislature. And while Seaga has cut government spending on social programs, he has raised the budgets for the police and the army, part of a U.S.-sponsored trend throughout the region. The independent Jamaica Council for Human Rights and the Jamaica Council of Churches have pointed with alarm to the consequences. In particular, Seaga appears to have given free rein to the police force, including a notorious unit commonly known as the Eradication Squad. A recent Americas Watch report documents an average of 217 police killings a year since 1979, representing one-half of all murders in the country [see Bell Gale Chevigny, "Killer Cops," *The Nation*, September 13, 1986]. Jamaicans scoff at press reports that offer self-defense as the reason police kill those who attack them with a stick or a pocketknife.

The most recent opinion poll shows the P.N.P. holding a 26 percent lead over the J.L.P. To worsen Seaga's predicament the right-wing establishment in the United States, once his firmest backer, has grown increasingly critical of his performance in office. In 1984 the U.S. Business Committee on Jamaica, launched with the voluble support of the Reagan Administration, was quietly disbanded. The committee's chair, David Rockefeller, lamented, "We helped stabilize the economy, but we haven't turned the economy around." Recent articles in "The Heritage Foundation Backgrounder" and *The Journal of Economic Growth*, supported by the Center for International Private Enterprise, have attacked the Seaga government for its betrayal of conservative principles. The Heritage report even suggests that further U.S. aid be tied to Seaga's adopting the proper free-market model.

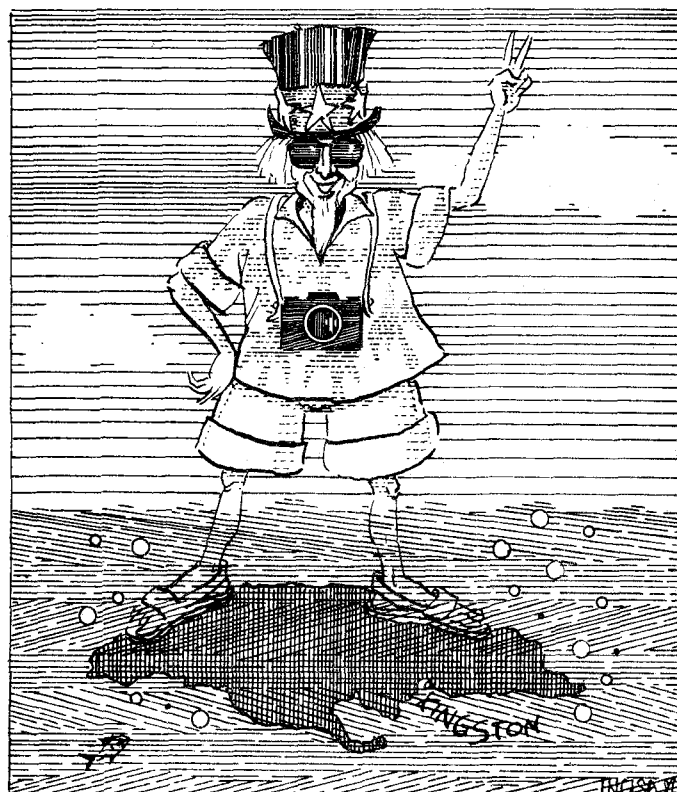
Seaga's conservative credentials initially seemed impeccable. Especially during the Grenada invasion he appeared eager to please the White House on the international front. But he has failed to deliver the economic success story that was promised, in large part because the purist prescriptions of U.S. conservatives have foundered on local realities. Under Seaga deregulation of the economy has been patchy. The government has sold off some hotels and brought the giant Tate and Lyle multinational corporation back into the troubled sugar industry. At the same time, however, Seaga has nationalized Jamaica's only oil refinery, which was previously owned by Exxon. Jamaica has also proved a less

than reliable diplomatic ally, frequently casting its vote in the United Nations against the United States on issues such as South Africa, where there is, to say the least, local sensitivity. Finally, Jamaica's image as a flourishing Westminster-style democracy, such an asset to the symbolic landscape of the Reagan Administration, has been seriously tarnished since the P.N.P.'s boycott of the 1983 elections left the island looking uncomfortably like a one-party state.

The business community, which turned almost unanimously from Manley to Seaga during the 1970s, is now divided. Jamaica's most prominent banker, Ronald Sasso, recently condemned the government for being "too autocratic." Other business leaders continue to back Seaga as the lesser of two evils; some previous P.N.P. supporters have returned to Manley's fold, while others, as reggae star Jimmy Cliff once put it, are sitting in limbo. No sector of Jamaican business, however, has offered a coherent alternative to Seaga's technocratic free enterprise or to Manley's social democracy.

Over the past three years there have been growing signs of mass discontent: strikes, periodic demonstrations organized by the P.N.P., and sporadic riots over price increases for gasoline and food. But most Jamaicans seem intent on buying time until the P.N.P. is re-elected. The eventual return of Michael Manley as Prime Minister will be broadly welcomed, but it raises the larger issue of the party's ability to solve Jamaica's social and economic crisis.

By the time the P.N.P. lost power in 1980, the island's social fabric had ripped apart. In its eight years in office the Manley government had loudly declared its commitment to "democratic socialism" at home and its solidarity with Third World aspirations for a new international economic order. In 1975, in response to stiff Jamaican levies on U.S.



and Canadian bauxite production, the Ford Administration cut economic aid. Jamaica's friendly relations with Cuba were a further irritant. Its support for the Cuban intervention in Angola infuriated Henry Kissinger and in 1976 prompted a spate of fiercely anti-Manley articles in the U.S. press. At the same time that the P.N.P. leader was acquiring the image of a crypto-Marxist in Washington, he faced a protracted conflict with the I.M.F. and eventually agreed to a harsh austerity package in May 1978. At home, meanwhile, disaffection grew among the business community and the middle class, and an escalating campaign of political violence, widely blamed on the J.L.P., took hundreds of lives. Although no smoking gun was ever found, many Jamaicans detected the hidden hand of the Central Intelligence Agency.

This time around the P.N.P. has attempted to soften its image and appear as a party of responsible change. Party leaders assert that they have no quarrel with the United States or with Jamaica's big business. The P.N.P.'s left wing has expressed concern at this shift to the center, and many of its activists have abandoned the party altogether. But they have only begun to develop alternatives.

In the 1970s the P.N.P.'s rallying cry was social justice and the redistribution of wealth. Today, satellite dishes and Volvos notwithstanding, there is precious little to redistribute. Any new strategy, therefore, must necessarily be one of growth, to use a term that is anathema to the left. That does not mean growth for its own sake but, rather, as economist Norman Girvan of the University of the West Indies suggests, "a strategy for economic growth that is consistent with a shift in power relations and income distribution toward the majority classes."

Perhaps the priority of this kind of strategy is the development of agriculture for local consumption. As well as insuring that the population is fed, this would reduce the food import bill, provide jobs, begin to halt migration to the cities and reduce dependency. Such a plan would require a rapid redistribution of idle land and a channeling of funds and technical and social resources toward the countryside. For the past thirty-five years both the left and the right have

emphasized manufacturing and mineral development to the detriment of agriculture.

Overall, a successful growth strategy involves stimulating unused capacity and encouraging labor-intensive manufacturing and craft production geared to meeting basic needs. This approach is fraught with difficulties. For one thing the foreign debt—which has doubled to \$3.5 billion under Seaga—is eating up a widening slice of the country's export revenues. Jamaica will have to make common cause with other nations in the region in drastically reducing its debt repayments. The P.N.P. also acknowledges that it will have to take harsh measures to hold on to foreign exchange, for instance placing restrictions on energy use and banning a range of imported consumer items. Yet any campaign to stop the middle class from acting like North American consumers might encourage further desertion of professionals and skilled workers.

Jamaica is a bitterly divided society, and the risk is that the J.L.P., once removed from office, may respond to wrenching economic measures like these with a new round of the deadly political violence that plagued the country in the 1970s. The P.N.P.'s best hope of lessening tensions and building a national consensus lies in fresh political initiatives to extend decision-making to the community and shop-floor levels. One heartening sign is the P.N.P.'s quiet revival of the idea of community councils and community economic organizations, or C.E.O.s. The economic organizations are a form of cooperative or community-owned business under the direction of the councils, which were expanded by the P.N.P. in the late 1970s. Although the status of the councils was never formalized in law, they attracted some 25,000 participants, mostly in small communities. The nonpartisan councils, which were open to all adults in a town or neighborhood, pointed to the possibility of united community action around the common goals of security and development.

The P.N.P.'s margin for maneuver on the international stage will be even more restricted, and one sensible feature of the party's current approach is its refraining from the type of rhetoric that U.S. policy-makers love to hate. Although it is naïve to imagine that friendly language alone will head off U.S. opposition, the P.N.P.'s most recent experience of power, together with the destruction of the revolution in Grenada, have taught Manley that there is nothing to be gained from inviting confrontation. An economic growth strategy along the lines described by Girvan would also help internationally by limiting the points of conflict with foreign capital to the one, though still admittedly explosive, issue of the national debt.

Although it is safe to predict that the P.N.P. will soon return to power, it is hard to be sanguine about its prospects. The deep structural crisis of the economy and a hostile international environment oblige the party to act cautiously. But if the P.N.P. is overly cautious, as appears likely, it will be unable to find a way out of the Jamaican impasse. Only a strategy that discovers the connections between growth, self-reliance and democratization stands any chance of success. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Our Holiday Lists

VICTOR NAVASKY

Conflicts of interest be damned, recent books by members of our masthead constitute an imposing, wide-ranging and much recommended literary-political-cultural-philosophical stack: *Sovieticus: American Perceptions and Soviet Realities*, by Stephen F. Cohen (Norton, \$7.95); *The Philosophical Disenfranchisement of Art*, by Arthur C. Danto (Columbia University Press, \$25); *Right Turn: The Decline of the Democrats and the Future of American Politics*, by Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers (Hill & Wang, \$19.95); *Cities on a Hill: A Journey Through Contemporary American Cultures*, by Frances FitzGerald (Simon and Schuster, \$19.95); *Theodore Dreiser: At the Gates of the City 1871-1907*, by Richard Lingeman (Putnam's, \$22.95); *The Common Good*, by Marcus Raskin (Methuen, \$22.50); *Marianne Moore: The Poetry of Engagement*, by Grace Schulman (University of Illinois Press, \$17.95); *Namibian Independence: A Global Responsibility and Non-Alignment in the Age of Alignments*, both by A.W. Singham and Shirley Hune (Lawrence Hill & Co., \$6.95 and \$19.95, respectively).

No magazine junkie can afford not to read the hilarious tale of how Time Inc. blew \$47 million on *TV Cable Week*, a magazine that couldn't miss (but did), in *The Fanciest Dive*, by Christopher Byron (Norton, \$16.95); and whether or not one is a press addict one really ought to take a look at Richard Kluger's enthralling tour behind and between the lines and bylines of *The Trib in The Paper: The Life and Death of the New York Herald Tribune* (Knopf, \$24.95).

The role of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the rest of the domestic security apparatus during the depths (that is, the height) of the cold war should provide material for decades, but this year's most valuable addition to the literature is Ellen Schrecker's *No Ivory Tower: McCarthyism and the Universities*, a study of how scholars and their institutions, enmeshed in the cruel dilemmas of the cold war, comforted themselves (Oxford University Press, \$20.95).

Actually, if one wants to be subjected

to cruel dilemmas, personal and otherwise, I'd start with Primo Levi, whose *Moments of Reprieve*, *Survival in Auschwitz* and *The Reawakening* were all published in English this year (Summit: the former, \$14.95; the latter together, \$19.95). But the fiction to read is Norman Rush's *Whites* (Knopf, \$14.95). These stories of whites in black Africa are, among other things, full of moral surprises.

RICHARD LINGEMAN

Frances FitzGerald's reporting rests on a solid historical foundation and aims to illuminate the American character. Her latest book, *Cities on a Hill: A Journey Through Contemporary American Cultures* (Simon and Schuster, \$19.95), describes the workings of four contemporary communities that seem to her to exemplify the deep-seated tradition in this country of starting a new life. I like particularly her patient unfolding of the complex saga of the gay "city" in San Francisco's Castro district as it is rocked by the AIDS plague. Her account of the rise and fall of the religious commune in Oregon founded by the yuppie acolytes of Bhagwan Shree (Diamonds are a guru's best friend) Rajneesh, is dryly chilling.

Connoisseurs of popular music who believe that the Golden Age stretched roughly from *The Garrick Gaieties* through early Rodgers & Hammerstein, and who like a Gershwin (or Lorenz Hart or Cole Porter) lyric as much as a Gershwin (or Rodgers or Porter) tune, and even more than New York in June, will find much to hum over in *The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart*, edited by Dorothy Hart and Robert Kimball (Knopf, \$40). This stupendous compendium includes such early ephemera as "The Camp Wigwam Hiking Song" and "I Love to Lie Awake in Bed," later recycled into "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan." Also to be found are the verses and refrains of such wit and tender Hart standards as "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered," as well as all those obscure numbers that saloon singers like to spring on jaded sophisticates.

Compendious also is the *Dreiser-Mencken Letters*, edited by Thomas P.

Riggio (University of Pennsylvania Press, two volumes, \$69.95), which brings between boards nearly 1,000 of the 1,200 letters these two battlers for American literary realism exchanged over the span of their thirty-eight-year on-and-off friendship. Although there have been some notable comradeships in the national letters—Hawthorne and Melville, Mark Twain and Howells, for example—none have been more publicly influential than this one. The two men formed a sort of Catherine wheel, with Dreiser the hub and Mencken the rim, emitting a shower of sparks. We see Dreiser, as editor of *The Delineator*, a women's magazine, advising the younger Mencken in 1908 how to write an article on baby care. Soon, as book critic of *The Smart Set*, a job Dreiser helped him get, Mencken is editing, then blowing the horn for Dreiser's novels. Gradually, Mencken comes out from under the shadow of his mentor, and the temperamental and aesthetic differences between them surface, culminating in Mencken's dismissal of *An American Tragedy* as "a vast, sloppy, chaotic thing of 385,000 words—at least 250,000 of them unnecessary." Mencken's wit slices in the early pages, but let it be noted that Dreiser got the best of one exchange—proposed last words—with "Shakespeare, I Come." Riggio, a leading Dreiser scholar, provides sturdy connective tissue, both biographical and historical.

ELIZABETH POCHODA

I picked up A.G. Mojtabai's *Blessed Assurance: Living With the Bomb in Amarillo, Texas* (Houghton Mifflin, \$16.95) hoping for some encouraging words from the people who live next door to Pantex, the final assembly plant for all our nuclear weapons. I have no very good news to report: the citizens of Amarillo live with the bomb by living with it. Some of them are gripped by End-Time thinking, others get by counting on divine deliverance, and plenty are not spooked at all. In the absence of cheerful news, I offer instead the virtues of Mojtabai's book—a wonderfully reported story that does not stoop to sneer even in the face of the most deeply cuckoo attitudes. The Amarillans talk and talk to us. It's not always easy to listen as carefully as the author does. If you force yourself,

she makes it worth your while.

The news from Rabun County, Georgia, is a lot more to my liking. *Sometimes a Shining Moment: The Foxfire Experience* (Anchor, \$10.95) is Eliot Wigginton's account of his twenty years in the front lines of public high-school teaching. During that time he and his students have produced the now famous Foxfire magazines, books, records and videotapes. No longer a cute pedagogical "experiment" (if it ever was), Foxfire, like Wigginton, is a permanent beacon for teachers, students and citizens who have settled on the importance of bringing their education and their lives together. There's nothing folksy or soft about the Foxfire projects, nothing sentimental about Wigginton and nothing here that couldn't be done in Brooklyn or, better yet, Amarillo.

Since I am reserving praise this year for those who wring some cheer out of adversity, I have an excuse for mentioning Marilyn Hacker's ebullient and heart-breaking sonnet sequence, *Love, Death, and the Changing of the Seasons* (Arbor House, \$30; paper \$7.95), even though it will receive more elaborate compliments from others. If, as Hacker says, "A sense of humor is a state of grace," she has it made. I could say the same about the Israeli poet Yehuda Amichai, but I'll end by letting him say it for himself.

If the Romans hadn't boasted about
their victory
on the Arch of Titus, we wouldn't know
the shape of the Menorah in the Temple.
But the shape of the Jews we know
because
they begat and begat, right up until me.

I feel just fine in my pants
in which my victory is hidden.
Even though I know I'm going to die,
and even though I know the Messiah
won't come,
I feel just fine.

Selected Poetry of Yehuda Amichai
(Harper & Row, \$12.95)

MARIA MARGARONIS

First on my list is Marilyn Hacker's breathtaking sonnet sequence, *Love, Death, and the Changing of the Seasons* (Arbor House, \$30; paper \$7.95), which would certainly have won more public praise if its subject and onlie begetter had been a man. Hacker embraces all the risks of intimacy and steers her lines around the fastest corners without missing a beat. Everything that is in love has

found its perfect shape here: longing and grief; jokes and tenderness; food, shopping, jealousy and sex.

Sue Miller's first novel, *The Good Mother* (Harper & Row, \$17.95), also tests the boundaries of what women are allowed to want—in this case, both maternal and erotic love. It's careful, honest and brave and contains the most sensitive portrait of a small child I've read in a book for grown-ups. What's more, it offers all the old-fashioned narrative pleasures, without shortcuts or easy options.

Edward W. Said and Jean Mohr's *After the Last Sky: Palestinian Lives* (Pantheon, \$22.95) involves the reader in the most direct and literal sense. The text and photographs are moving, unsettling and dense with implications, but they are also much more than that. As the words take off from and circle round the images—of a child in a cluttered grocer's shop, or a wedding party posed against the untidy landscape of a refugee camp—they draw you into a world where almost nothing is given, and searching is an act of survival. You can't just read and look; you are made to begin to know.

ELSA DIXLER

What with one thing and another I did less reading than usual this year. Still I found time for several books about my favorite subject, women. I enjoyed Margaret Atwood's *The Handmaid's Tale* (Houghton Mifflin, \$16.95), a clever parable about the conservative backlash against feminism, despite its silly ending; and I also liked her short stories, collected as *Bluebeard's Egg* (Houghton Mifflin, \$16.95). Sue Miller's *The Good Mother* (Harper & Row, \$17.95), a moving novel about the conflicting claims of sexuality and motherhood, took over my life one weekend. I had almost as strong a reaction to Sylvia Ann Hewlett's *A Lesser Life: The Myth of Women's Liberation in America* (Morrow, \$17.95), which also examines the choices mothers make—but in this case I found myself throwing things, mostly the book. Issues like parental leave and Federal funding for child care belong on the agenda of the women's movement, but this nasty piece of sophistry will hardly get them there.

I spent my summer vacation reading Robert Caro's wonderful biography of Lyndon Johnson, *The Path to Power: Part I of The Years of Lyndon Johnson*

(Vintage, \$9.95). Caro's Johnson is still larger than life, and the account of his youth and his early days in Washington is gripping. Had we all read Caro in 1960, little in the succeeding years would have surprised us. The second volume is still in the works, so readers can catch up with the first.

This year I have many debts to my colleague Richard Lingeman. One is the pleasure and enlightenment of his *Theodore Dreiser: At the Gates of the City, 1871-1907* (Putnam's, \$22.95). Another is the impetus to read Dreiser's powerful *Jennie Gerhardt* (Schocken, \$8.95), which had somehow eluded me through years of American lit classes. On the other hand, Richard's leave from *The Nation* to complete the next volume of his biography of Dreiser has deprived me of the chance to read much more.

A second biography that sent me back to the literature was Robert Shelton's *No Direction Home: The Life and Music of Bob Dylan* (Morrow, \$17.95). I expected more from a book so many years in the making, and Shelton is coy about many things I wanted to know. Still, he inspired me to play records I haven't listened to in years. I have recently learned that Dylan's latest accomplishment is converting Little Richard to Judaism, something that should warm our collective hearts in this holiday season.

GEORGE BLACK

In an age of literary juggernauts, Ryszard Kapuściński continues to prove that 150 pages are quite enough if you have something worthwhile to say. I enjoyed *Shah of Shahs* (Vintage, \$4.95) even more than his earlier volume on Haile Selassie, *The Emperor* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$12.95). You have to be the most willful of ideologues to see these merely as veiled satires on Poland: they're an exquisite assault on the barbarities of absolute power anywhere.

Stephen Spender's *Journals 1979-83* (Random House, \$19.95) is a joy to dip into, whether its author is musing on the pitfalls of an appearance on the *Dick Cavett Show*, listening to recitations of Sir Maurice Bowra's "scabrous and obscene" poetry at Oxford or visiting his New York publisher, Random House, where "books . . . are displayed like expensive ladies' handbags."

The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat by Oliver Sacks (Summit, \$16.95) offers many pleasures, not the least of

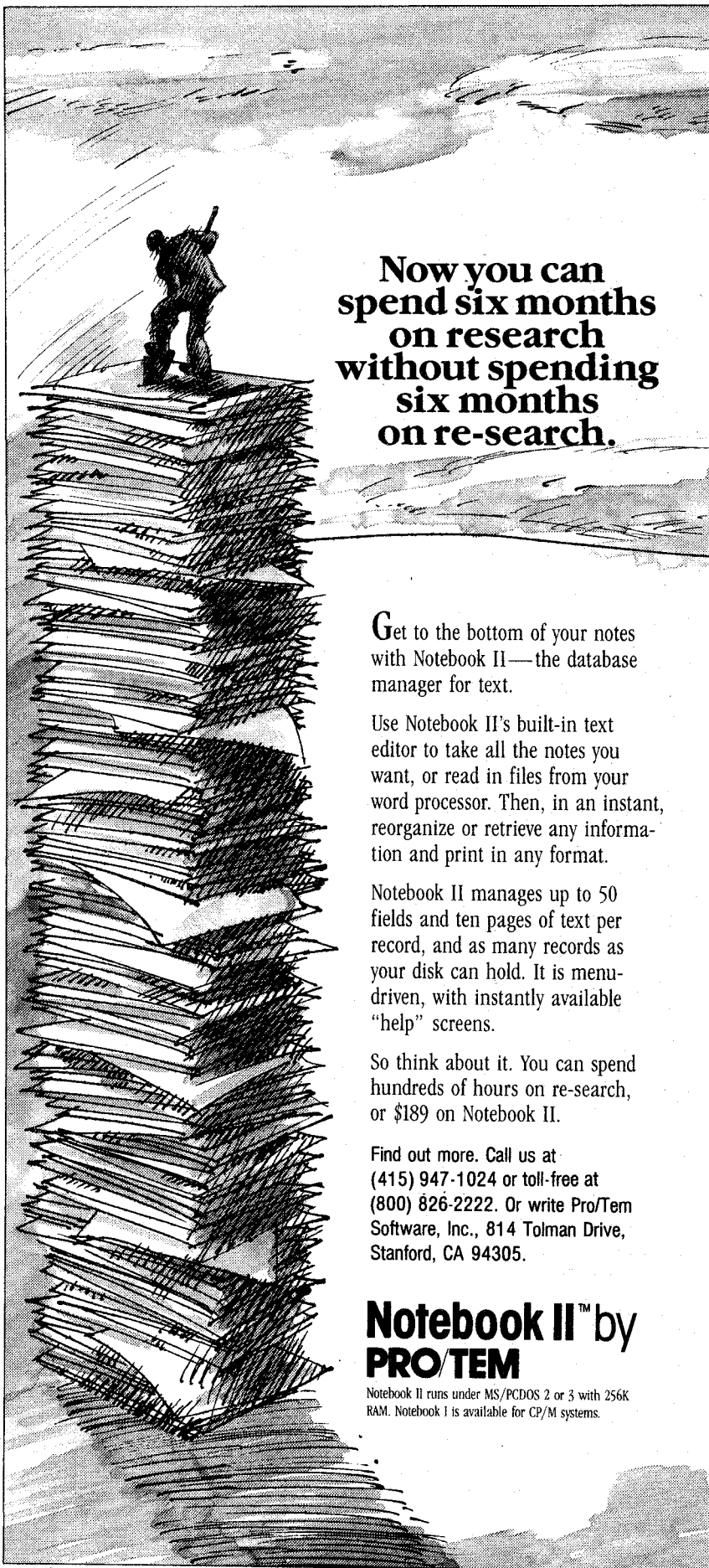
which is the discovery by this most apolitical of writers that a hospital ward full of aphasiacs can instantly detect the falsehoods in a Reagan speech on Central America. Sacks's limpid prose, I discovered, is also perfect for reading aloud to the driver on long car journeys through Texas.

My continuing search for the perfect British thriller led me to Ruth Rendell's latest, *Live Flesh* (Pantheon, \$15.95). Rendell's flawless eye for the physical landscape of the North London suburbs always seduces me into the maniacal logic of her plotting. This one may not be as fine as last year's masterpiece, *The Tree of Hands*, but it's still streets ahead of P.D. James's leaden *A Taste for Death* (Knopf, \$18.95), which even a marvelous ending can't save from being one of the year's clunkers.

Also for the expatriate European, two richly political novels from West Germany: Peter Schneider's *The Wall Jumper* (Pantheon, \$11.95; paper \$6.95) observes how dissidents in the two Germanys mimic all that is worst in their respective societies and end up in ludicrous postures of defense of the systems that oppress them. Eva Denski's *Dead Alive* (Harper & Row, \$19.95) has a sharp eye for the revolutionary excesses of the early 1970s.

Others I enjoyed:

Loren Baritz's *Backfire* (Ballantine, \$3.95) is an angry polemic against the bureaucratic and cultural logic of the Vietnam War, while Daniel C. Hallin's *The "Uncensored War": The Media and Vietnam* (Oxford University Press, \$22.50) efficiently skewers the myth of adversarial journalism. Peter Winn's *Weavers of Revolution: The Yarur Workers and the Chilean Road to Socialism* (Oxford University Press, \$19.95) and Juan Corradi's *The Fitful Republic: Economy, Society, and Politics in Argentina* (Westview Press, \$35.50; paper \$15) are valuable steps toward reconstructing the history of Latin America in the past fifteen years. Mario Vargas Llosa's *The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$16.95), on the other hand, was the book I disliked most in 1986. Vargas Llosa appears to relish being the neo-cons' favorite Latin American "intellectual," while he is apparently unaware of the trade-off: the descent of his writing into slothfulness and cheap scorn. V.S. Naipaul, with whom he has much in common, at least has the decency to go on writing passably well.



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KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

Few books this year can match the tales of the Reagan Administration for sheer corrupt fantasy. But Dan Moldea's *Dark Victory: Ronald Reagan, MCA, and the Hollywood Mafia* (Viking, \$18.95) provides a dark and timely look at Reagan in his first incarnation as a president—of the Screen Actors Guild. Otto Friedrich's *City of Nets: A Portrait of Hollywood in the 1940's* (Harper & Row, \$25) should be sampled for its stories of glamour and hypocrisy. Both books are worth skimming for a look at how Reagan acquired a wife and a *modus operandi* in Hollywood.

Around the time that Reagan got Nancy off the Hollywood blacklist, Rutgers University fired Moses Finley, a young classical historian, for invoking the Fifth Amendment before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. In *No Ivory Tower: McCarthyism and the Universities* (Oxford University Press, \$20.95), Ellen Schrecker tells Finley's story and the stories of some one hundred other academics who lost their jobs as a result of Congressional, state and internal university investigations. Schrecker's book is valuable for its factual detail and for its indictment of the role academic institutions played during the McCarthy period. But it's the uncharted and more personal terrain—the stories of truncated careers and broken lives, of how people survived and coped during those years—that sets Schrecker's book apart from the usual fare on McCarthyism.

Since the publication of Hedrick Smith's *The Russians* and Robert Kaiser's *Russia: The People and the Power* ten years ago, dozens of correspondents have rushed home to tell their war stories. Dusko Doder's *Shadows and Whispers: Power Politics Inside the Kremlin From Brezhnev to Gorbachev* (Random House, \$19.95) is one of the best of its kind. Doder doesn't issue judgments on the system but, instead, takes care to place Kremlin politics in some historical and cultural context. Someone once said that Doder, *The Washington Post's* bureau chief from 1981 to 1985, covered the Soviet Union like a good police reporter. That approach served him well—Doder knew about Yuri Andropov's death almost twenty-four hours before the State Department.

Walter Benjamin's *Moscow Diary*

(Harvard University Press, \$25; paper \$8.95) describes a very different city. Written between December 1926 and January 1927, the diary is full of the turbulence of Soviet cultural politics on the eve of Stalinization. But it is Benjamin's account of the city and its inhabitants, and his rendering of Moscow's physiognomy that made me savor and revel in the *Diary's* entries.

For something completely different, try Dennis Hopper's book of photographs, *Out of the Sixties* (Twelvemtrees Press, \$40). Hopper is best known these days for his performance as a small-town sadist in the film *Blue Velvet*. Out of work and living in Hollywood in the 1960s, Hopper snapped these full frame, natural light, black-and-white photographs because "they were the only creative outlet I had for three years until *Easy Rider*." After that, he never took stills again. It's too bad, because Hopper had a good eye for the wild and seedy, and the posturing of survivors who made it out of the 1960s.

KATHA POLLITT

The thirty-eight-page title poem of Irving Feldman's *All of Us Here* (Elizabeth Sifton/Viking, \$17.95; Penguin, \$8.95) is a dazzling set of variations on George Segal's life-size plaster sculptures. Out of the juxtaposition of fashionable gallery-goers and Segal's lumpish proletarians, Feldman makes a vigorous, almost gleeful indictment of America in the 1980s—its addiction to kitsch and hype, its phony nostalgia for a "simpler" past, its impatience with anything faintly resembling a thought. The statues, who begin as easily patronized buffoons ("this might be Oafland, and these are the local oaves/—Mr. and Mrs. and all the other Whites") take on more and more meaning and dignity until finally they stand revealed as the nuclear holocaust victims we may all become before too long. Feldman's verse is savage and plangent by turns, his vision a kind of tragic misanthropy: "But what they suffered, they also did."

On a less apocalyptic note, I recommend *Traveling in the Family: Selected Poems* (Random House, \$9.95), by the venerable Brazilian poet Carlos Drummond de Andrade. Drummond's poems (most of those collected here date from the 1930s and 1940s) are marked by a vivid, tropical sort of modernism with just enough irony to undercut the apparent simplicity: "Oh, let us be porno-

graphic!/(Sweetly, sweetly pornographic!)/Why be more immaculate/than our Portuguese progenitors?" Why indeed? In a just world, these poems would come to us in a bilingual edition, so that we could have the fun of trying to figure out how much of Drummond in English is really Drummond and how much is the translators (Mark Strand and Thomas Cochie, who are also the editors, with a few contributions from Elizabeth Bishop and Gregory Rabassa). They would also come to us in hard-cover. All the same, this is a delightful, exhilarating collection that sounds an irresistible note of modesty and charm quite foreign to our own modernist tradition.

JUDITH LONG

Last summer I spent two wonderful weeks with no running water or electricity in a two-room cabin in the Front Range of the Colorado Rockies. I hauled water, did laundry in a tin tub, cooked on a woodstove, bathed infrequently and, while exploring a former silver-mining boom town, found a book I can't forget.

Anne Ellis spent most of her life hauling water, doing laundry in a five-gallon oil can, cooking on sheet-metal cook stoves and living in the tents, one- or two-room cabins and boarding houses of those Colorado mining camps and boom towns of a hundred years ago. She grew up in poverty, lived poor and died broke. At 50 she wrote it all down. The result, originally published in 1929, was *The Life of an Ordinary Woman* (University of Nebraska Press, \$6.95), a vivid personal tale and a fascinating look from the bottom up at life in the mile-high gold fields.

Unencumbered by much formal education, but possessed of a writer's eye and ear, Ellis tells her story in simple, slang-salted prose. In chapter one her father declares, "These old mossbacked backwoods Missourians are dead in the shell and don't know it. We will go West where there are chances for a man." Ellis explains, "They wanted mines, where, as they thought, riches came overnight and without work." They head for Colorado. And from here to the last chapter, where Ellis is left a young widow with two small children, the boom-bust pulse never lets up.

Sometimes they were "eating our white bread now"—in the money, splurging a \$25 windfall on a five-foot, gilt-framed picture, "The Battle of Water-

loo," for their newspapered walls. But usually times were hard. Mama takes in laundry and sewing. She dies of exhaustion after many pregnancies; their father abandons the large family; Ellis marries "the first man who asks me." Disease and accidents claim her two husbands and a daughter.

But the book is far from grim. Ellis gives us mines: the Exchequer, the Revenue, Bonanza and Cornucopia; and miners: Picnic Jim, Slippery Joe, One-Eye Thompson, the "remittance men"—English adventurers awaiting their allowances from home. We hear of high- and low-class saloons, sporting houses, fancy women, fashions and furniture. There are social conventions: a young man calls on Ellis, then 16, but she may not go for a walk until she finds her corset. And home remedies: whisky internally, chaw tobacco or manure externally; bags of hot salt emptied on a fever victim. Superstitions: a pregnant woman marks her baby by seeing something unlucky. Household hints: how to make jelly jars from beer bottles; how to find ice year-round for ice cream—in a prospector's dig. There are fishing and berrying trips among the aspen and kinnikinnick, dances, theatricals, elections, strikes, claim jumpers and speculators. And there is Jim, the man Ellis loved but didn't marry: "There is never a day in all these years that I do not think of him . . . never a day I have not dressed for him, thinking and hoping he might come."

Poor but not ordinary, Ellis brings us frontier history through the eyes of a woman who followed her father, stepfather and two husbands to the glory holes of the Rocky Mountains. She reminds us, of course, that men seldom make history alone: "My father was the kind who . . . trusted to fate to provide, and it did—but Mama was fate."

JULIE ABRAHAM

In recent years lesbian biography and autobiography have flourished in a way that would have seemed impossible a decade ago and been inconceivable a decade before that. In 1966, Janet Flanner, 74 years old, won the National Book Award for her *Paris Journal, 1944-1965* and spent three months in New York with Natalia Danesi Murray, the woman who had been her lover since 1940. *Darlinghissima: Letters to a Friend* (Random House, \$24.95; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$10.95), edited

with a commentary by Murray, is part epistolary autobiography and part collaborative reconstruction of the relationship between these two women, which continued until Flanner's death, in 1978. The cover portraits, showing Flanner and Murray at the same time together and apart, switching stylized poses against a background of the ruins of Rome's Palatine Hill, capture the paradox of closeness and distance that made the correspondence possible and necessary, and the background of public history that is used to justify this remarkable personal record. That justi-

fication is unnecessary, but the book's blend of "state papers" and "love letters" brings lesbian lives into the public sphere they have always shared but in which they have rarely been recognized: "My beloved, these are state papers we write each other, not love letters, have you noticed? Perhaps we suffer from the times we live in. For my love is intense, still passionate, still tender and true."

Marilyn Hacker's new book, a (mainly) sonnet sequence, *Love, Death, and the Changing of the Seasons* (Arbor House, \$30; paper \$7.95), is also a contemporary autobiography. In this ac-

"The religious Left is the only Left we've got." — The Nation

Writing in a recent issue of *The Nation*, Michael Ferber argues that in periods such as ours, when the secular Left is defeated or dejected, it is religious people who keep progressive social ideals alive. Currently, Ferber estimates, "of every five people actively working for progressive causes, at least three draw energy and conviction from their religious beliefs."

According to Ferber, religious people are wrestling with transcendent questions progressives need to debate (but often evade): What is the good society? Are there means to get there that don't spoil the ends? How do we summon the courage to act, especially when many are disheartened and action involves sacrifice? Moreover, lest the current religious revival be surrendered to the political Right, "it is our task to talk values, to talk ideals, to talk transcendence," says Ferber.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW (an ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics) agree wholeheartedly. We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments that result in progressive social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., Thomas Merton, Cesar Chavez, and Archbishop Romero.

We are fascinated by the challenge religious activists have been posing to poverty, plant closings, apartheid, nuclear weapons, the arms race, and U.S. belligerence in Central America.

We are amused that a high-ranking general

stated at the National War College that "the greatest challenge to all that we do now comes from within the churches," and that White House operative Patrick Buchanan complained that religious activists "have helped energize the Left to an extent that it has not been energized since the Vietnam War."

We are gladdened by the way the Catholic bishops have, in their pastoral letters, placed economic democracy on the national agenda and nuclear disarmament on the nation's conscience.

But we are dismayed that few on the conventional Left are aware of what religious people are doing and saying. If, as Ferber says, the religious Left is the only real Left there is, it behooves progressives of all persuasions to inquire into the sources of resilience, energy, and social passion found among religious progressives.

We believe the secular Left needs the religious Left as never before. Those who write for us include diverse people like Robert N. Bellah, Christopher Lasch, J.M. Cameron, Eileen Egan, Henri J.M. Nouwen, John C. Cort, Norman Lear, Robert Coles, Juli Loesch, Richard J. Mouw, and Gordon C. Zahn. We bat around the full range of theological, ethical, and social issues, and defy easy pigeonholing. *Newsweek* has called us "thoughtful and often cheeky," Martin E. Marty finds us "lively," and the *Library Journal* has predicted we will "doubtless command increasing attention." If you think it's time to end the isolation of the secular Left from the religious Left, subscribe today!

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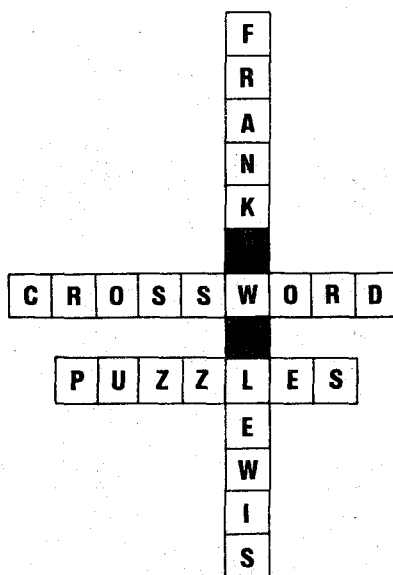
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count of a particular relationship, she fulfills the demands of autobiography or realist fiction—character, narrative, love, death, the seasons in an order. But her form transforms the matter and frees her from the clumsier restraints of fiction or of conventional memoir—the records of parents and grandparents, adolescent awakenings, the domestic mundane or a final prince:

And when the voyage ends,
what does a girl do? Girl,
that's up to you.

The new lesbian fiction, in this as in other years, seems to lag behind the interest of autobiography and the formal accomplishments of poetry. But there is a welcome abundance, including a new novel by Isabel Miller, *The Love of Good Women* (Naiad Press, \$8.95). It lacks the context, or absence of context, that made the honesty and charm of *Patience and Sarah* so dramatic and so valuable. Nevertheless, Miller's new story of Gertrude and her sister-in-law, Millie, surviving poverty, marriages and employment in a disrupted South during World War II is well written, intelligent and, again, charming.

Those interested in the work of unacknowledged lesbian writers should consider the novels of Kate O'Brien (1897-1974). *Mary Lavelle* (1936) and *That Lady* (1946), were reissued this year in the Virago Modern Classics series (Penguin, both \$6.95). They are stories of transgressive though predominantly heterosexual love, set in Spain—the first in the world of Irish "misses" governing in the 1920s, and the second at the court of Phillip II. Mary Lavelle and "that lady," Ana de Mendoza, are both women who challenge the barriers of social expectation for sexual pleasure, self-knowledge and independence. O'Brien's finest work was perhaps *The Land of Spices* (1941), reissued by Arlen House (P.O. Box 1113, Baldoyle, Dublin 13, Ireland). This is a beautifully distilled account of the contrasting worlds of the brilliant and always foreign Reverend Mother Marie Hélène Archer and Anna Murphy, her youngest pupil, deposited at an Irish convent school because of her parents' marital disarray. O'Brien's observations of Irish and European life, and especially of the lives, worlds and ambitions of women on the eve of World War I, are focused by the fine attention that connects the woman and the child.

Finally, Alison Bechdel's first collec-

tion of comic strips, *Dykes to Watch Out For* (Firebrand Books, 141 The Commons, Ithaca, NY 14850, \$6.95), is a joy. While disclosing the true nature of your relationship to Ellen/Gloria/Inez/Vita might or might not be the best gift you could give your family on the first night of Hanukkah or Christmas Day, for the Solstice or the New Year, Bechdel's often ironic but always fond and funny observations will certainly be the best gift you can give your lesbian friends.

GRACE SCHULMAN

THE COMPLETE PROSE OF MARIANNE MOORE. Edited by Patricia C. Willis. *Elisabeth Sifton/Viking, \$24.95.* Very simply, a great book. Prose pieces, edited with a meticulous care the poet would have venerated, show Moore to be a leading critic of the modern age. She wrote of a range of subjects, including sculpture, music, dance and fashion. Most striking is her conviction that art is a joyous venture; most elevating, her insistence on aesthetic rigor, accurate observation, rhythm (in prose as in poetry), faithfulness to fact and reverence for mystery. Nor is she timorous about celebrating such moral concepts as faith, justice, courage and fortitude, which she applauded in art, as in life.

STARS PRINCIPAL. By J.D. McClatchy. *Macmillan. \$16.95. Paper \$9.95.* J.D. McClatchy has, to use a term of Marianne Moore's, a "passion for actuality." His senses are alive, and he conveys his excitement for such things as the Ducal Palace in Mantua, a de Kooning retrospective, fieldstone in Wells River, the creatures in his garden. He has the rare gift of writing about himself, or about a classic figure, in a way that is exemplary, and never circumscribed.

THE FIRE MUSIC. By Liz Rosenberg. *University of Pittsburgh Press. \$15.95. Paper \$6.95.* This is a powerful first book of poems, the writer's voice like no other, her music resonant and new. Liz Rosenberg has the uncommon ability to make the familiar unfamiliar. She writes of helping a drunkard in her town and hearing "church music and his breath/pulling like oars against the dark." Or, of rain on regal trees, "rattling the leaves, the kingdom's gold,—/and tossing down one by one its miserly dime-thin alms." With apparent

naturalness, she expresses a transcendent vision and a commanding sense of beauty.

ZACHARY SKLAR

For its sheer energy, its raw prose and its depth of feeling, *Fire From the Mountain*, by Omar Cabezas (Crown, \$13.95), impressed me more than any other book I read this year. Now a *comandante* in the Nicaraguan Army, Cabezas tells the story of how he left a relatively cushy life as a college student to become a Sandinista. His conversational style makes you feel he's sitting around a campfire with you late at night, sharing a bottle of rotgut. The book takes you into Nicaragua's urban underground in the late 1960s, then up into the mountains for guerrilla training and finally into the homes of *campesinos*, where the real organizing for the 1979 revolution began. By the end you've laughed a lot, felt the pain, fear and agonizing loneliness of guerrilla life, and understood the remarkable grit that helped the Sandinistas to triumph.

Another fascinating book about Central America is my friend Jonathan Maslow's *Bird of Life, Bird of Death*, (Simon and Schuster, \$17.95), an ornithologist's journey through Guatemala in search of the mysteriously beautiful quetzal bird. Part travelogue, part history, part naturalist's journal, this vividly written account is a horrifying allegory of a country in which the quetzal, symbol of freedom, is being systematically destroyed, and the zopilote, the vulture that preys on the dead, is flourishing.

A book that took me all year to read was *Red Diaper Babies* (Red Diaper Productions, 48 Boston Street, Somerville, MA 02143, \$7) transcripts of two conferences on children of the left, edited by Judy Kaplan and Linn Shapiro. It's short, but I could read it only in small doses because it hit me where I live—I'm a Red diaper baby. Some days I found myself deeply absorbed and moved by what these survivors of blacklists and Red scares had to say about their childhoods. Other days the words seemed so heavy, analytical and burdensome that I had to shut the book—which, for me, is very much like being a Red diaper baby. Sometimes I'm thrilled to poke around in the womblike comfort of the past, proud to flaunt my heritage; other times I just want to get away from my parents' bat-

tles and live my life like anybody else. One kind of Red diaper baby is unfortunately not represented in this volume—the kind who rejected the left completely and, like some of my childhood friends, became Moonies, Jesus freaks, druggies or neoconservatives.

If you're interested in neoconservative New York intellectuals, try *Prodigal Sons* (Oxford University Press, \$24.95), a thorough and readable exploration of Podhoretz, Kristol and the rest, by Alexander Bloom, my old college newspaper editor, now a history professor.

An important book ignored by the mainstream press is Edward Herman and Frank Brodhead's *The Rise and Fall of the Bulgarian Connection* (Sheridan Square Publications, P.O. Box 677, New York, NY 10013, \$9.95). The authors provide a case study of how a disinformation campaign works as they brilliantly dissect the preposterous story that the K.G.B., acting through Bulgarian agents, somehow was responsible for the shooting of the Pope in 1981. After Mehmet Ali Agca told a Rome courtroom that he was Jesus Christ, the Bulgarian-connection story immediately fell apart. But for four years the mainstream Western press had already served up a steady diet of propaganda concocted by the C.I.A. Is it any surprise, then, that you haven't read about Herman and Brodhead's book in *The New York Times*?

As for fiction, I particularly enjoyed Isabel Miller's *The Love of Good Women* (Naiad Press, \$8.95), the story of two married women whose lives change dramatically during World War II when they go to work, one in an aircraft factory, the other in an automobile repair shop. Like Miller's previous novel, *Patience and Sarah*, this book is simple, warmhearted and wise.

JOANN WYPIJEWSKI

There is no rest for the lonely opponent of computers. The machine's zealous lovers dismiss every argument that it diminishes experience, threatens a worker's autonomy and submits the individual to the discipline of the system. Questions of aesthetics are pooh-poohed as precious; questions of control, as paranoid. Amid the general and untroubled acceptance of computerization as a social good, *Brave New Workplace*, by Robert Howard (Elisabeth Sifton/Viking, \$16.95; Penguin, \$6.95), offers temporary relief for the

"Urgent yet carefully tempered reflections of a thoughtful man of action who has repeatedly proved his readiness to risk his own freedom for the freedom of his nation."

—Walter Goldman, *New York Times*

"To read *Letters from Prison* is to be engaged in prolonged conversations with friends whom circumstances have kept one from meeting. A bracing experience."

—Irving Howe, *The New Republic*

"Michnik's demonstration of what can be done with old-fashioned 'romantic' Polish notions like honor... enlarge the sense of the possible in our own jaded polity too."

—W.L. Webb, *The Guardian*

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lonely opponent—temporary because the evidence it presents that the technological revolution is deskilling work, further alienating workers, creating intolerable conditions of stress, compromising unions and further consolidating the power of bosses confirms every suspicion raised by even the most tentative liaison with the simplest of word processors. Howard ends his book with recommendations for the “social control of technology,” but after reading his elaborate case against computerization as the perfect instrument of management power, I’m a lot less optimistic that this could be accomplished given the present social setup. I say pull the plug on the whole thing.

And now, as an antidote to the gloomy picture above, the most exhilarating five-and-a-half-minute cultural experience of the past year: driving in a fast car, down a wide road, with a good radio while Aretha Franklin and Annie Lennox belt out “Sisters Are Doin’ It for Themselves.”

MICAH SIFRY

For those obsessed by the never-ending war between Israel and the Palestinians, here are three books worth reading.

Lesley Hazleton’s *Jerusalem, Jerusalem: A Memoir of War and Peace, Passion and Politics* (Atlantic Monthly Press, \$16.95) is the autobiographical tale of one Western, leftish Jew’s struggle to come to terms with the disturbing nature of contemporary Israel. Hazleton is one of many Diaspora Jews who caught a whiff of the heady idealism aroused by the Six Day War and decided that Israel was home. She stayed more than a dozen years, left, but returned five years later on a personal journey which is the basis of this book. As an outsider with the knowledge of an insider, her surprisingly uplifting story captures the passionate dilemma of many who have experienced the dream of Israel and now glimpse its coming nightmare.

How did Israel arrive at this impasse, and where might it find redemption? These are the themes of Meron Benvenisti’s *Conflicts and Contradictions* (Villard, \$15.95). The first part of the book is primarily a polemic about Labor Zionism, on which Benvenisti pins most of the blame for Israel’s present-day problems. His critique is credible if a bit dense. The real strength of his vision comes in his analysis of the Palestinian issue. Benvenisti has de-

clared the occupation of the West Bank and Gaza to be “irreversible,” and for uttering this unhappy truth has been shunned by many of his liberal contemporaries. The book is written mostly in response to these critics.

People who live within Israel’s current borders have learned to internalize the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Arabs and Jews are often enemies, sometimes friends, occasionally partners in crime, rarely lovers and frequently just plain neighbors. That is the message of David Shipler’s *Arab and Jew: Wounded Spirits in a Promised Land* (Times Books, \$22.50). In documenting the myriad aspects of Arab-Jewish interaction, Shipler unloads five years’ worth of stories and anecdotes from his stint as *The New York Times*’s Jerusalem correspondent—many that were not “Fit to Print”—and brings to light the deeply held attitudes and stereotypes that keep the conflict at a perpetual boil.

ANDREW KOPKIND

In South Africa, where I spent some of the late summer and fall (relative to the Northern Hemisphere), the movie of the year is *Top Gun*. If the United States is barred by law from shipping the materiel of war to the embattled defenders of white Western civilization, it at least can send the ideology of militarism there, and in the lend-lease of apartheid, we get *The Gods Must Be Crazy* in return. That film, which, having grossed \$300 million, is by far the top cultural export in the history of the country, will have a sequel in a year or two. South Africa seems to be right on the money; the gods must have a crazy kind of integrity.

Top Gun was just as big in this country, and for once Hollywood scored a *Zeitgeistliche* bull’s-eye; how did they know that Tom Cruise would prefigure Ollie North? In the new, post-*Contra*-gate America, however, the ceremony of battle and terrorism-chic may have to compete with old-fashioned tales of journalistic heroics. That canny old Hollywood hand Ronald Reagan knew what was in the wind when he consoled Colonel North on the occasion of his firing, “This is going to make a terrific movie.”

It will take me awhile to catch up on the new films of the winter season, but herewith a list of some of the year’s intriguing product, as the aging baby moguls say.

The Color Purple was a last-year movie, but almost everyone saw it this year so it should count; besides, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was too freaked out to cope with its themes of feminism, lesbianism and black cultural exclusiveness, so it was overlooked on awards night. “It’s about us,” the movie’s ads proclaimed, but not much. The people on the screen were entirely beyond the range of experience of most people sitting in front of the screen. It was, however, a great Hollywood production, as well as product, and worthy of the angry discussion it provoked.

My Beautiful Laundrette proved in a small way what *The Color Purple* attempted to demonstrate in blockbuster fashion: that it is possible to merge the political and personal in the same movie and still have it come out to be thoughtful and touching. When you come to think of it, this little Indo-Brit number performed an extraordinary feat.

Aliens is the first post-structuralist horror sci-fi hit—a curious statistical entry, perhaps, but keep watching the skies. It managed to comment inoffensively on its own genre, its cultural milieu and the medium of the movies all at the same time, and with some considerable winsomeness throughout.

A Room With a View looked at first like just another episode of *Masterpiece Theatre*, minus the Louis Quatorze music, but down deep it was angry, modern and disturbing. It was also encouraging to see the Merchant-Ivory-Prager Jhabvala team finally did well by doing good.

Down by Law is very Downtown, a term that in itself is very Downtown. That is, if you’re the kind of person who asks “down which town,” this movie is meant to treat you with contempt. Still, Director Jim (Stranger Than Paradise) Jarmusch has a good eye for coincidence, anomie and irony, and it gets sharper as his little flick progresses.

Eyes on the Prize, which is having a limited theatrical run before its PBS air date in February, is a six-hour documentary about the early days of the civil rights movement of the 1960s—you remember, the one the Kennedys and Lyndon Johnson claimed for their own. Sometimes it seems that the movement’s only lasting victory was the proclamation of Martin Luther King Jr.’s birthday as a national holiday, but it did have an enormous effect on conscious-

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ness and conscience in America, and this film at least supplies some of the textual reasons for that.

Second Serve was a made-for-TV docudrama, or biopic, about Richard Raskind's sexual *schlep* through psychiatry, the Navy and transformational surgery to become Renee Richards. Not the greatest drama, but Vanessa Redgrave gives the performance of her, er, his life.

EDWARD W. SAID

The great virtue of Zoltán Kocsis's piano rendition of Bach's *Art of Fugue* [2-Philips 412729-1 PH2 (D)] is its crisp and rhythmically lively contrapuntal style. Influenced by Glenn Gould, Kocsis is not as eccentric, although this two-record set of the formidably difficult but unusually absorbing collection of fugues and canons presents the Hungarian pianist as a remarkably gifted performer in Bach's most elevated polyphonic exercise.

Another unusual set is Claudio Abbado's conducting of Rossini's lost opera *Il Viaggio a Reims* (*The Voyage to Rheims*), featuring Katia Ricciarelli, Ruggiero Raimondi, Samuel Ramey and fifteen others [3-DG 415498-1 GH3 (D)]. Reconstructed by Columbia University musicologist Janet Johnson, this opera was written for the 1825 coronation of the Bourbon King Charles X in Paris. Its plot is based on Madame de Staël's *Corinne* and is absolutely crazy, concerning a group of comically distraught nobles and clerics gathering at The Golden Lily inn en route to Rheims for a royal coronation. They never get to Rheims, but the occasion provides Rossini with a chance to put forth one of the richest, most brilliant and scintillating of all his great scores. Arias and ensembles follow each other in dizzying succession, energetically performed by Abbado and company. Not the least of one's pleasure is derived from Rossini's cynical opportunism as his genius pours forth in hot pursuit of French anti-Napoleonic fervor, celebrating French, English and Austrian reaction at its worst. One high point is the opera's finale, in which, among other things, Sam Ramey does a superbly bombastic "God Save the King."

A much more virtuous record is a little-noticed but first-rate performance by the pianists Paul Jacobs and Ursula Oppens: *Three Polyphonic Masterpieces* (Nonesuch 79061 D). The three

include Busoni's rarely heard 1921 version of his "Fantasia contrappuntistica," an adventurous combination of classical polyphony with Busoni's genuinely, and mysteriously, avant-garde organization, harmonies and rhythms. Also included are Mozart's "Fantasy for a Musical Clock" (K. 608), written in the last year of his life, and Beethoven's own two-piano version of the Grosse Fugue (Op. 134) from the B flat String Quartet (Op. 130).

Two books of note are the third volume of Donald Mitchell's monumental four-part study of Mahler; this volume is subtitled *Songs and Symphonies of Life and Death* (University of California Press, \$55) and works its way through the Rückert Lieder to a majestically extended "decoding" of *Das Lied von der Erde* and a remarkable "afterword" on the Eighth Symphony. Very few musicological studies have the range, intellect and critical brilliance of Mitchell's work. Pierre Boulez's *Orientations: Collected Writings* (Harvard University Press, \$30), a massive collection of his writings on theory, his own music, Wagner, Berlioz, Messiaen, Adorno, Berg and many others, is daunting evidence of an extraordinary contemporary mind at work.

JANE HOLTZ KAY

For 1987, I resolve to go ergonomic. That is, nothing—and I say this with the ruthlessness of the maker of straightedges at the Bauhaus—and I repeat, nothing whose form does not follow its function will make it to my night table. This means, then, that ergonomically (i.e., comfortwise), none of the cumbersome books I read in 1986 will make it to my bedside or office-reading postures. These overweight objects will stay unread on the coffee table. Or, since I have no coffee table, they may get four legs and become the coffee table.

Alas, this may mean rejecting such otherwise fascinating compendia of exhibitions as *The Machine Age in America 1918-1941* (Abrams, \$37.50), put together by Richard Guy Wilson. It may mean shelving the equally rich and helpful *Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture, and Design* (Museum of Modern Art, \$50; paper \$19.50) by Kirk Varndoe, another catalogue, but one that manages to say far more about that provocative period's architecture than the exhibition itself.

Happily, lightening the load of hefty but the mood and mode are contemporary rockabilly, with the kind of keen and costly architecture books to port-observation that brings the common-featherweight reading matter. In fact, place into focus: "My brother went to the decision to have no heavy lifting college 'cause he played football/But eliminates a lot of turgid prose as well I'm still hangin' around 'cause I'm a little bit small." Where did you think The lighter volumes are often better written. *Home*, for instance, by Witold Rybczynski (Viking, \$16.95), collates lively material on the sociology and shelter of domestic architecture under the guise of a treatise on comfort. *The Comfortable House* (Massachusetts Institute of Technology, \$35), by Alan Gowans, probes both the "stylistic jacket" and the folk within the architecture of a period too long put down.

Going a bit beyond architecture, *Taking the World in for Repairs* (Mcrow, \$15.95) makes it to my bedside. The book's only picture is of its author, Richard Selzer, and his writing in design is slight, but it still holds some of the best verbal/architectural images of the lot. "He who has access to a balcony stands in the entryway of the imagination," Selzer writes. "He pauses at the window that separates it from the interior of the house, paces there as at the frontispiece of a book, then steps out and in." Would that all design books could make such places palpable and invite us "out and in" through their literary and physical qualities.

DAVE MARSH

Live: 1975-1985, Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band (Columbia). Rock-and-roll's future has arrived, and it's worth the hype. The sound is luminous, the music grand, the passion and the psycho-political insights are touching and revealing. The most worthwhile mainstream figure pop music has had since the Beatles.

"This is England," The Clash (Epic single). A post-punk dirge that manages to tell more about life in a disintegrating world than a dozen Billy Bragg. Joe Strummer could be singing about Pittsburgh or Youngstown—anyplace where public policy has left a community to rot and a homeboy tries to remember how home used to feel, when feeling was still allowed. I've heard it a hundred times, and I still don't know half the words—and that's the point.

Guitar Town, Steve Earle (MCA). This earned its spurs on the country charts,

"True Blue," Madonna (Sire/U.K. only, twelve-inch single). You don't have to like anything she stands for, but if you can't reckon with her musical smarts, you've missed the point. This is the first record to achieve the fusion of girl-group pop and dance-rock that Donna Summer and Cyndi Lauper only dreamed about.

"Walk This Way," Run—D.M.C. (Profile, twelve-inch single). I don't know what it means that the best heavy-metal record of the 1980s was made by black rappers, but I'm having a great time trying to figure it out.

"Rumors," Timex Social Club (Danya, twelve-inch single). A sort of anthem for *Contragate*, wouldn't you say?

"Rock the Bells," LL Cool J (Def Jam, twelve-inch single). The most ferocious debut by an authentic teen-ager since "I Want You Back." And Cool J's already matches Michael's ego.

So, Peter Gabriel (Geffen). The hero of the Amnesty International tour crafts the best album of his solo career, including "Sledgehammer," a fully realized Otis Redding fantasy, and "Don't Give Up," a haunting account of joblessness.

Boomtown, David & David (A&M). The decadent Los Angeles of the Eagles and Steely Dan updated and rendered much more bitterly. Late at night it seems a lot less site-specific. "Welcome to the boomtown/All that money makes such a succulent sound," sings David Baerwald with furious contempt, and you think of Ivan Boesky, Bill Bradley and a cast of thousands.

Good Music, Joan Jett and the Blackhearts (Epic). Not as Verdi understood it, but surely just as Chuck Berry intended it.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Time and space, those enemies of hope, knocked from my agenda any number of marvelous exhibitions, but here are some I would have reviewed had I been able. Two shows of African art, one of

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work from the Guro tribe of the Ivory Coast, the other of masterpieces from the Monzino collection, were displayed with elegance and intelligence at the Center for African Art in New York City. Its curator, Susan Mullin Vogel, wrote a provocative, beautifully illustrated catalogue, *African Aesthetics* (\$39), to accompany the latter show and to articulate its premises. Pratapaditya Pal and Vidya Dehejia's *From Merchants to Emperors: British Artists in India, 1757-1930* (Cornell University Press, \$49.50; paper \$29.95) is effectively the catalogue for a show the authors organized at the Pierpont Morgan Library, a delightful antidote to the Metropolitan Museum's vulgar pre-emption of "The Festival of India." Equally refreshing was the exhibition of the Chester and Davida Herwitz Collection of contemporary Indian painting at the Grey Gallery of New York University. I also loved the Morgan's "Mrs. Delaney's Flower Collages," the botanical-ly exact paper garden of a resourceful eighteenth-century sexagenarian. *Dr. Claribel and Miss Etta*, by Brenda Richardson (Baltimore Museum of Art, \$24.50), celebrates those intrepid collectors of modern art, above all Matisse, and marks the Cone Collection's installation in a handsome new gallery at the Baltimore Museum of Art. Worth three stars in anyone's Michelin, hold off a visit to Baltimore until the Matisse now on loan to the National Gallery for its show of his early period in Nice return in April.

I rarely can cover gallery shows, but I want to give a Christmas card to three artists who seem to me to be exploring the logical limits of painting and sculpture in daring ways: Howard Buchwald, at the Nancy Hoffman Gallery; Norman Toynton, at the Daniel Newberg Gallery; and David Reed, whose show, at the Max Protetch Gallery, touched, according to a poet I know, "the Heroic Sublime," in works of contained ferocity—like saber-toothed tigers caught in glaciers. On my wish list—as a joy to the world—I pray for a return showing of Chuta Kimura, whose exhibition at the Ruth Siegel Gallery convinced me that lyrical greatness, on the order of Bonnard, can still be attained.

TERRENCE RAFFERTY

You have to be pretty stubborn, pretty willful, to make a good movie these days. More and more, artists are on their own, without support from stu-

dios, governments or even large audiences, and not many filmmakers have flourished in this jungle climate. This year's three outstanding movies looked like examples of weird, uncatalogued species—things that survived only because they flashed by too quickly to be identified. *Kaos*, by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani (the brothers who made *Padre Padrone* and *The Night of the Shooting Stars*), was a three-hour anthology of randello's harsh, fantastic tales of his native Sicily—a film by turns graceful and a little ungainly, until, in an eulogy that mixed the author's return to his hometown with memories of his dead mother, it really soared. *My Beautiful Laundrette*, directed by Stephen Frears from a beautifully layered script by Hanif Kureishi, was a piece of British realism about punks and Pakistani immigrants in London that was so witty and unsentimental that it seemed absolutely fresh: a 16-millimeter social drama that was actually entertaining and legitimately, uncoercively moving. Strangest of all, of course, was David Lynch's feverishly imaginative *Blue Velvet*, a small-town mystery told in volatile, disturbing images—both too familiar and too perverse to be shaken off easily.

Other good movies this year—among them, Oliver Stone's *Platoon*, Alex Cox's *Sid and Nancy*, Agnes Varda's *Vagabond*, Alain Cavalier's *Thérèse* and James Ivory's *A Room With a View*—succeeded in less spectacular ways mostly by taking a limited, eccentric subject or form and just digging in. And, as always, there were the random pleasures of performances in lesser movies: Bob Hoskins in *Mona Lisa*; Sigourney Weaver in *Aliens*; Jeff Goldblum in *The Fly*; Jessica Lange, Sissy Spacek and Diane Keaton in *Crimes of the Heart*. There's no center to the movie experience anymore, but this year, at least, there were a few furtive delights scurrying around on the periphery. □

LETTERS.

(Continued From Page 722)

to represent themselves as Christian patriots saving Spain from a Russian dictatorship. This involved pretending that life in Government Spain was just one long massacre." This picture of the war, he said, was "pure fantasy."

Relax, Ron, I'm not calling you a Nazi or a fascist. A fantasist? Well, maybe.

Brian Morton

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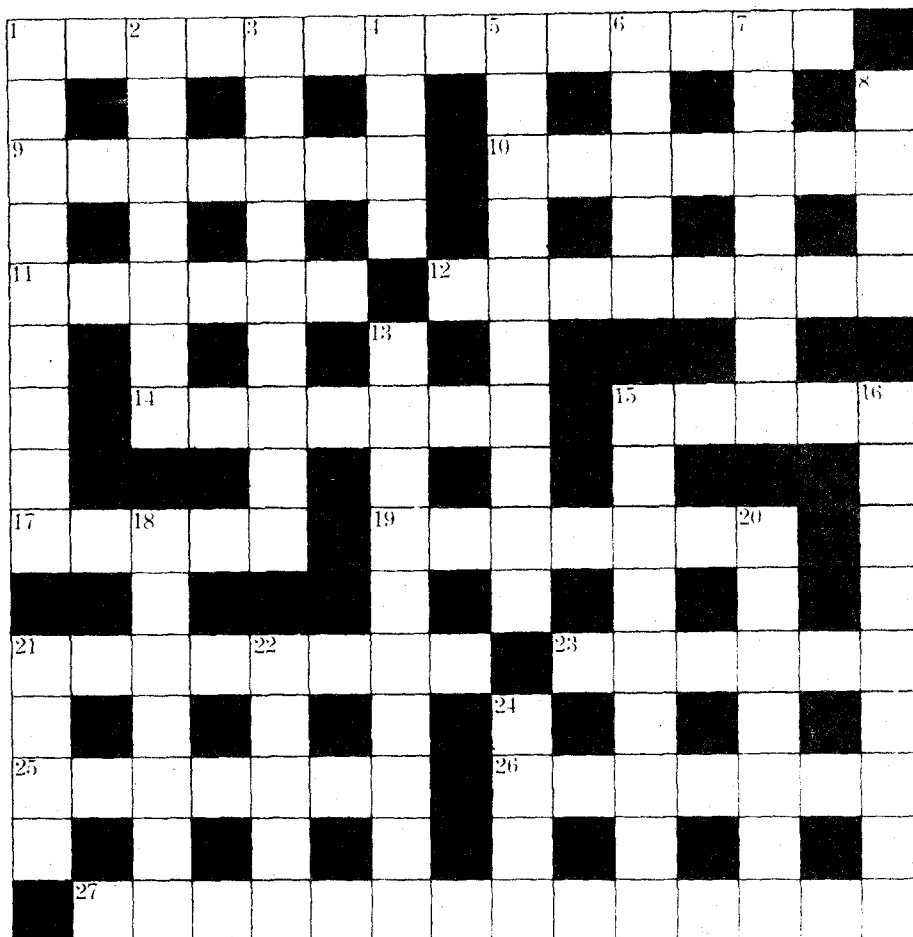
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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2130



ACROSS

- 1, 11, 27, 23, 21 across and 15 across Calling for one of these? (Or at least the state in which one might be.) (4,3,4,3,6-3,5,6,8,5)
9 Certainly not for this, at about what one makes in winning. (7)
10 You might find a number boring, almost, in part of the plant. (7)
11 See 1
12 In his turn, he shouldn't act badly. (3,5)
14 A style of type set poorly around it, but rather spiky. (7)
15 See 1
17 Chronicles after the second one of these? (They may be made on the last row on board.) (5)
19 Slightly more than an ovation in old Rome. (7)
21 and 23 See 1
25 What was associated with a lonesome pine around little Virginia? (You might make work out of this.) (7)
26 See 22 down
27 See 1 down

- 6 A circus used to have several, sometimes marking engagements. (5)
7 Self-introduction of a churchman, from the very first? (1,6)
8 It might take a coin, if you get badly lost. (4)
13 The old tenor? You might meet your measure, of sorts, in drink. (10)
15 Quiet shadows do it softly, according to the air. (4,3,2)
16 This could take the measure of a dwarf king! (4,5)
18 The state of dispassion keeps the moving equipment in an outbreak of rain. (7)
20 Left in the old army, as they used to say. (March might begin this way.) (3,4)
21 What you might try to do on board with your husband or wife? (4)
22 and 26 across Possibly found around lathes, with determination. (5,3,4)
24 The thing one can't stand in a state getting very loud? (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

DOWN

- 1 Sort of broad, with a safety device that might be set up to catch criminals. (4,5)
2 Doesn't pay cash for little kids, at times. (7)
3 Might one of them be official fruit? (At least part of them, and a rinse as well.) (9)
4 What's the point to its making little eggs? (4)
5 Such treatment should be corrective. (One sort hoped I can see it there.) (10)

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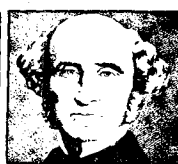
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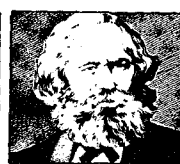
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